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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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TO carry out the purposes for which it was founded thirty-four years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage.

IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

AT an expense of over $50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization which was waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the historic expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

NOT long ago The Society granted $25,000, and in addition $75,000 was given by individual members through The Society to the Federal Government when the congressional appropriation for the purchase was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people and incorporated into a National Park.

THE Society is conducting extensive explorations and excavations in northwestern New Mexico, which was one of the most densely populated areas in North America before Columbus came, a region where prehistoric peoples lived in vast communal dwellings whose ruins are ranked second to none of ancient times in point of architecture, and whose customs, ceremonies and name have been engulfed in an oblivion more complete than any other people who left traces comparable to theirs.

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STEADFAST THROUGH THE YEARS

It was midsummer. In the forest a traveler paused beside a mighty fir tree to rest. Seated there he was attracted by the beauty that surrounded him—gay wild flowers caught and pleased his eye; a darting dragon fly, brilliant in green and gold, excited admiration; the cheerful babbling of a little brook brought him delight. The fir tree that sheltered him he scarcely noticed.

Months later the traveler passed that way again. Winter winds had driven away the flowers, the dragon fly had lived its little life and died; the brook lay silent, a twisted ribbon of ice.

But the fir tree stood as in the summer—strong and straight, its branches covered with eternal green.

Every industry produces its commercial fir trees—business houses whose products are of one high quality under all conditions.

Since 1858 the chemical and pharmaceutical business of E. R. Squibb & Sons has been of this type. Its products are always pure and efficacious. Its laboratories conduct a constant search for better methods of manufacture.

The fact that you find a Squibb product upon the drug store counter is a guarantee that its ingredients are correct. Rather than lower its standards Squibb has frequently suspended the manufacture of certain products until the right materials could be secured.

When you use a Squibb product its finer quality is immediately apparent. Examine Squibb's talcum powder for example. Note its exquisite smoothness, its fineness of texture, its velvety touch on the skin; or try Squibb's cold cream and note how cooling and soothing it is. This fine quality is the result of years of laboratory experiments directed to the one end of producing a perfect powder, a perfect cream.

Most of the Squibb products are intended for use only by the physician and the surgeon. But *every* Squibb Household Product is made with equal regard for purity and efficacy.

For some of the Squibb Household Products described below you may have only an occasional need. But for Squibb quality your need is endless.

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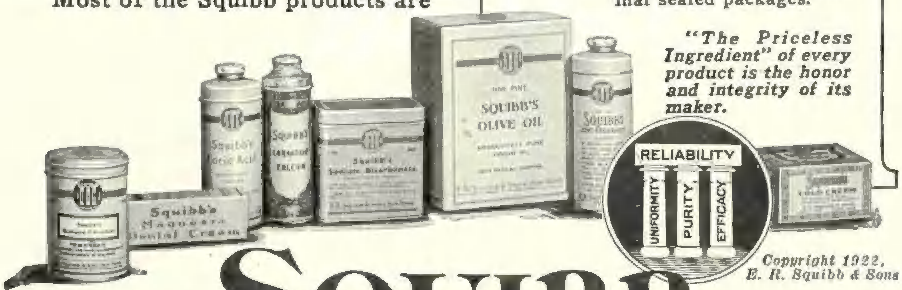

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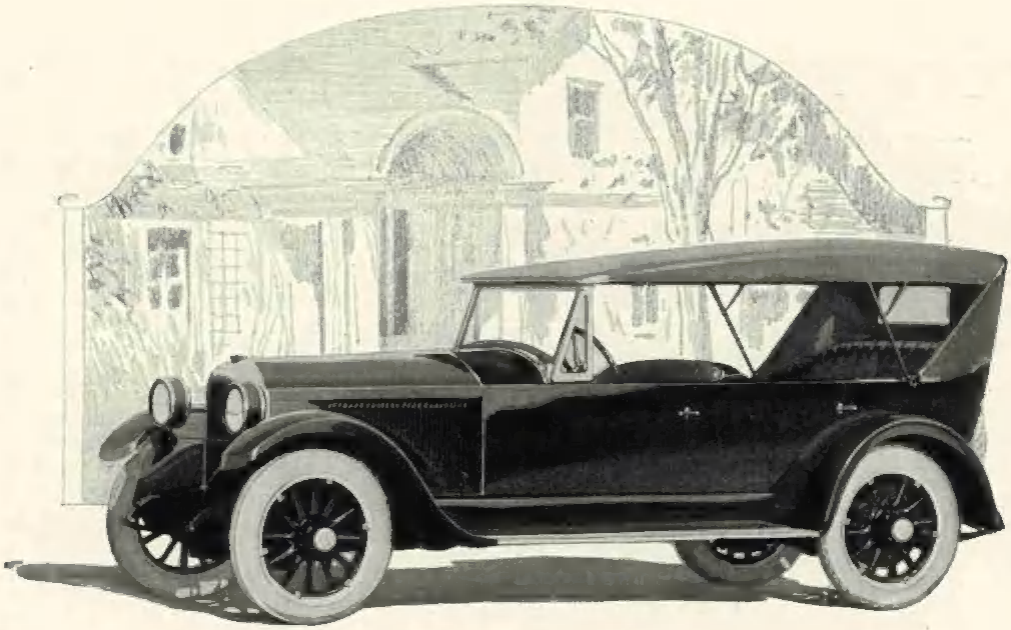

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TIME! Before every train that thunders through the night flies Father Time—the same watchful, protecting personality that guided Alexander across the ocean's floor to the defiant walls of Tyre, and Hannibal across the Alps to the gates of Rome!

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For Father Time, on America's Railroads, stands for that amazing development of Time Service, train despatching and block signals which alone make modern train safety possible, and enable travelers to save the most costly thing in the world—*Time*.

For half a century, moreover, Father Time has stood for the finest Railroad timepieces that money, brains and skill could produce—*Elgins!* Broadly speaking, Father Time *is* Elgin. He has been Elgin's official trade-mark for half a century. One of America's favorite Railroad models, indeed, bears his name. Among Elgin owners, in Railroad circles as elsewhere in the busy world, pride of possession unites with perfection of performance.

* * *

*"Father Time"—one of Elgin's popular Railroad movements, here shown cased up with Winding Indicator Dial. * * * Twenty-one jewels; adjusted to temperature, isochronism and five positions. Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee * * Made in Elgin, U. S. A.*

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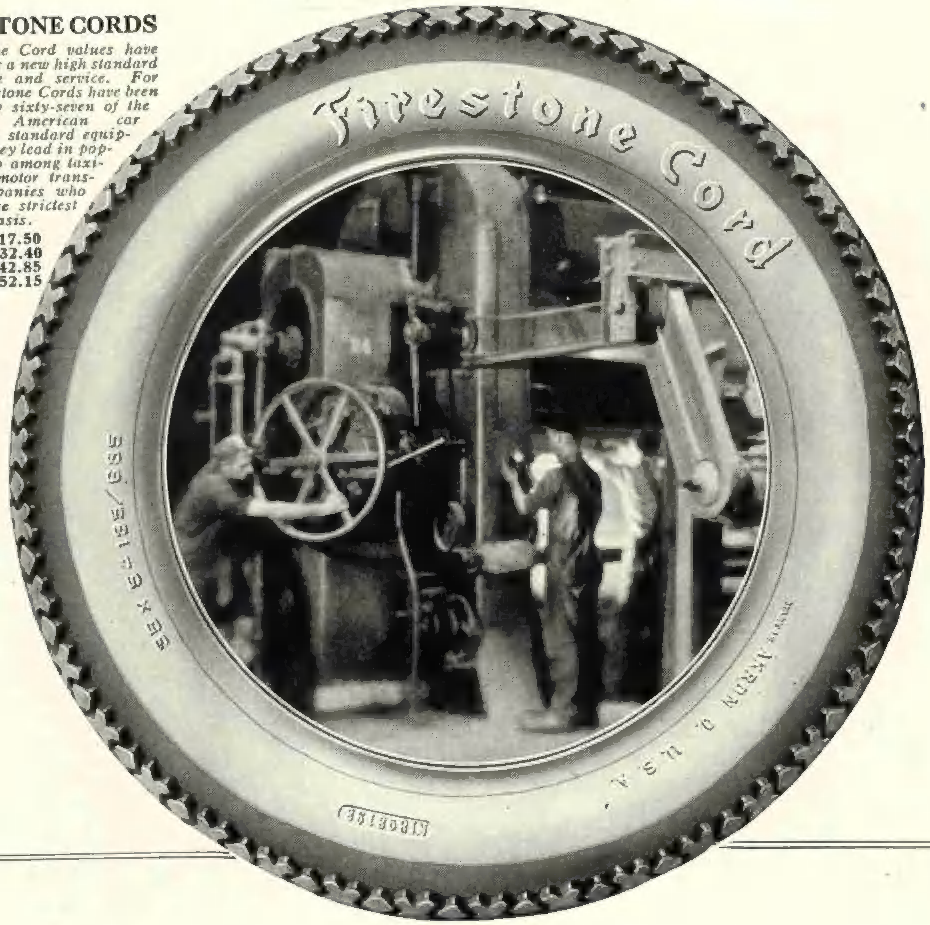
32x4, $32.40
33x4½, $42.85
33x5, $52.15



A Practical Ideal

AN institution whose active principal stamps his name on the product, and where every worker is a stockholder, operates on the right basis to build a quality product.

It is such an organization that is carrying out the practical ideal of "Most Miles per Dollar."

Practical in representing the highest standard today—ideal because this standard constantly advances.

Firestone genius and energy is never satisfied. It works ceaselessly and enthusiastically to give you greater mileage in Firestone Cords while lowering the cost.

You are pledged the most now and always by an organization whose word has been good for over twenty years—so long as your tires bear the name Firestone.

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30x3½ extra size non-skid, the best known tire in the light car class. Higher in quality than ever and now being produced on a scale that permits its being sold at the lowest price on record. The same unusual value in 30x3 size at $9.85.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

$9.99

Oldfield "999"—guaranteed—a full size 30x3½ anti-skid tire. Built with four-ply long staple fabric. In 30x3 size at $8.99. Prices that cannot be equalled for a reputable, well-known tire of trustworthy quality. Sold by Firestone dealers.

Keeping Fit to Music is *Fun*

Free Sample Record Proves It

Famous "Daily Dozen," Now on Fascinating Phonograph Records, Is Bringing New Energy, Health, and Vitality to Thousands—Both Men and Women.

By **Bruce Gordon**

COME on, old man—I'll put a record on the machine and show you what bully fun it is!" urged my friend Jim Smiley. "I used to feel just as 'played out' as you do now—after a hard day—but not any more! Come on, I'll cure your headache, too!" he promised.

I was spending the night at Jim's house. We had a little talk before turning in, and I confessed to feeling exhausted and rotten. He had selected a record and was already putting it on the phonograph, so I agreed to try his keeping-fit exercises—just to please him.

After setting up some large charts that showed by actual photographs the exact movements to make, Jim started the machine. After a few words of explanation by a voice, speaking from the record, a lively tune started, and then the voice began giving the commands. I watched Jim and did

Users Filled with New Vigor and "Pep"

Here are extracts from letters, typical of the many constantly received from "Daily Dozen" enthusiasts:

"Music a Great Aid"

"I am delighted with the records and they solve my problem of exercise, thus making me a more efficient teacher. The music is a great aid," writes *Mr. Guy Eugene Oliver, of Northwestern College, Ill.*

Enthusiastic

"I just want to add my word of enthusiasm to the many others regarding your wonderful records. They have filled a long-felt want. For the first time in months, I might say in years, I can relax at night and sleep. God bless Walter Camp and the Health Builders, say I." *Mabel Corlew Smith, New York.*

"So Much Fun"

Mrs. Mary Bates, of Duluth, Minn., says, "We are enjoying the exercises very much. It is so much more fun to exercise to music."

"Took Family by Storm"

"I received our complete set of records yesterday, and was delighted with them. They took the whole family by storm, as it were, and before the first record was played the second time, the whole family was up and going through them as I was. I am convinced absolutely that your system of Health Building should be in every household, because of its simplicity and the benefits to be derived from it for all members of the family." *Walter N. Hyans, Buffalo, N. Y.*

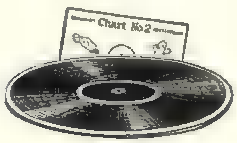
just as he did. Almost at once I began to feel exhilarated—the way you feel when the jazz band starts. We did one exercise after another in this way until we had gone through Walter Camp's whole famous "Daily Dozen"—the exercises this great Yale coach and athletic authority devised during the war to keep the Army and Navy, the Cabinet and other officials, fit and energetic for their work.

It took only about ten minutes, and I had to agree with Jim that it was bully good fun. Besides, I suddenly discovered that my headache had indeed vanished entirely.

To make a long story short, I too, became a "Daily Dozen" enthusiast. Every morning now, for the past three months, I have sprung out of bed with real anticipation of the ten minutes fun with the phonograph that is making me feel better, eat better, sleep better, yes, and work better than I ever did before. I used to think, like many other "indoor men," that I didn't like to exercise. That was before I experienced the effects of the "new principle of exercise" that is embodied in the Health Builder System—using the famous "Daily Dozen"—set to music—with Mr. Camp's special permission.

Sample Record and Chart

FREE



If Your "Torso" Is Fit So Are You

I have found that men and women can keep themselves fit with only ten minutes a day—but the place where they must look after themselves is in the torso or trunk muscles.

Americans have lost sight of this fact—to their cost. Keeping fit is not a matter of long, tiresome exercises with dumbbells and gymnasium apparatus, or of strenuous outdoor games. It is simply a matter of keeping the muscles of the "torso" in perfect condition. If your "torso" is fit, so are you!

People fail to realize that the true seat of the vital forces is in the abdomen—not the brain. This great secret of health and energy is still known and practised in the Orient—in India and China—where the "throne of life" is rightly regarded to be in the solar-plexus—in the trunk. The "Daily Dozen" exercises are scientifically devised to keep this vital spot in splendid muscular condition—and the whole body and mind get the benefit.

10 Minutes' Fun Is All You Need

Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" set to specially selected music on phonograph records becomes the ideal, effortless exercise—and every time you swing through these enjoyable movements you can be sure that your body and mind are being kept fit in the most efficient and effective way ever devised! And it takes only 10 minutes a day.

Strengthen your muscles and vital organs through these wonderful "musical movements" and you'll know the thrill and the power for enjoyment that comes from health, tireless, virile body and splendid, indefatigable brain and muscle!

Before many days have gone by you will notice the remarkable change in yourself. Your step will be as springy as marsh grass—your eyes will be brighter—your shoulders will be as square as dice—in short, you will be a vigorous, two-fisted he-man of everyday life.

And the fun!—those ten minutes' fun a day will be ten minutes you won't care to miss! Swing into it!

Try It Free

See for yourself—without a dollar of expense—how the "Daily Dozen" with music will build up YOUR health, strength and nerves. We will send you, absolutely free, a record (playable on any disc phonograph) containing two of the "Daily Dozen" movements.

There is no obligation. This record is sent FREE—and it is yours TO KEEP. After you have tried it we feel sure you will want the other records and we will tell you how you may easily own them all. But you are to be the sole judge. When you send the coupon—or a letter will do if you prefer—enclose twenty-five cents in money or stamps. This pays only for the postage and packing—the record and chart are free. Send for them NOW. HEALTH BUILDERS, Dept. 186, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

FREE RECORD COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Dept. 186, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Please send me your free sample "Health Builder" record, giving two of Walter Camp's famous "Daily Dozen" exercises; also a free chart containing actual photographs and simple directions for doing the exercises. I enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) for postage, packing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way and the sample record and chart are mine to keep.

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A year or so ago, the American public placed the leadership of the tire business in the hands of the men who make U. S. Royal Cords

THE first Royal Cord Tires were made and sold in 1916.

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It mostly comes down to the car-owner as an out and out *human being*. Forget him as a mere tire customer and consider him as a *personality*. With an *inborn instinct* for quality. With a pride in demonstrating his *quality beliefs*.

How many tire manufacturers, would you say, have even guessed that American car-owners were shifting so *fast* to *better tires?*

* * *

Certainly U. S. Royal Cords have proven this fundamental thing—

For every low-grade tire made there is arising some motorist with a fine, human *indifference* for it.

He and his kind have become out and out loyalists of Royal Cord Tires—as representing the highest expression of their demands.

Multiply this man by a million or more. Then sit down and weigh his tremendous *deciding influence.*

* * *

Today, for the production of U. S. Tires, there is erected and operating the *largest group of tire factories in the world.*

The men who make Royal Cords are *quality workers* and *quality merchandisers.*

Their spirit of leadership is the spirit of constancy—faithfulness—a simple, understandable policy.

U.S. Royal Cords have come to be the *measure of value* of all automobile tires.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

United States Tires are Good Tires

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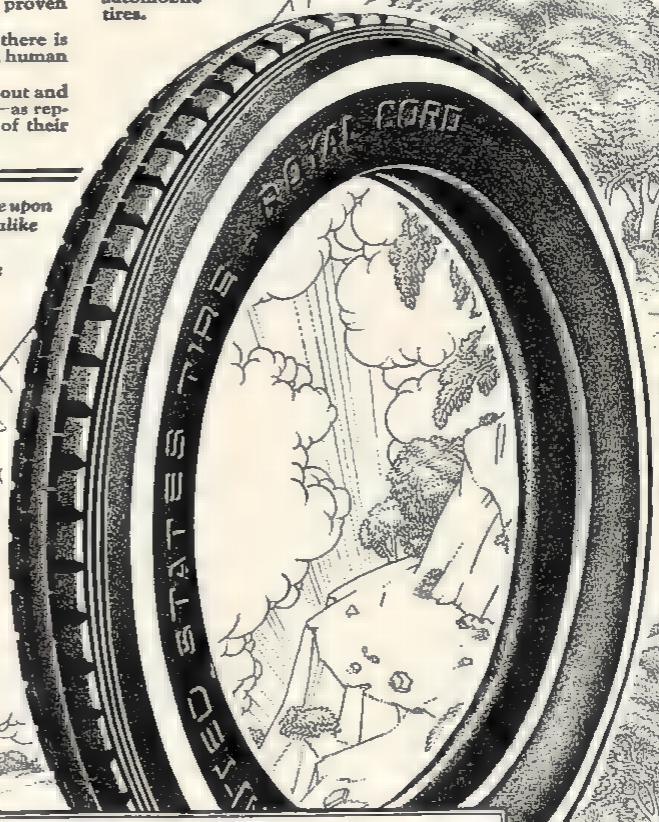

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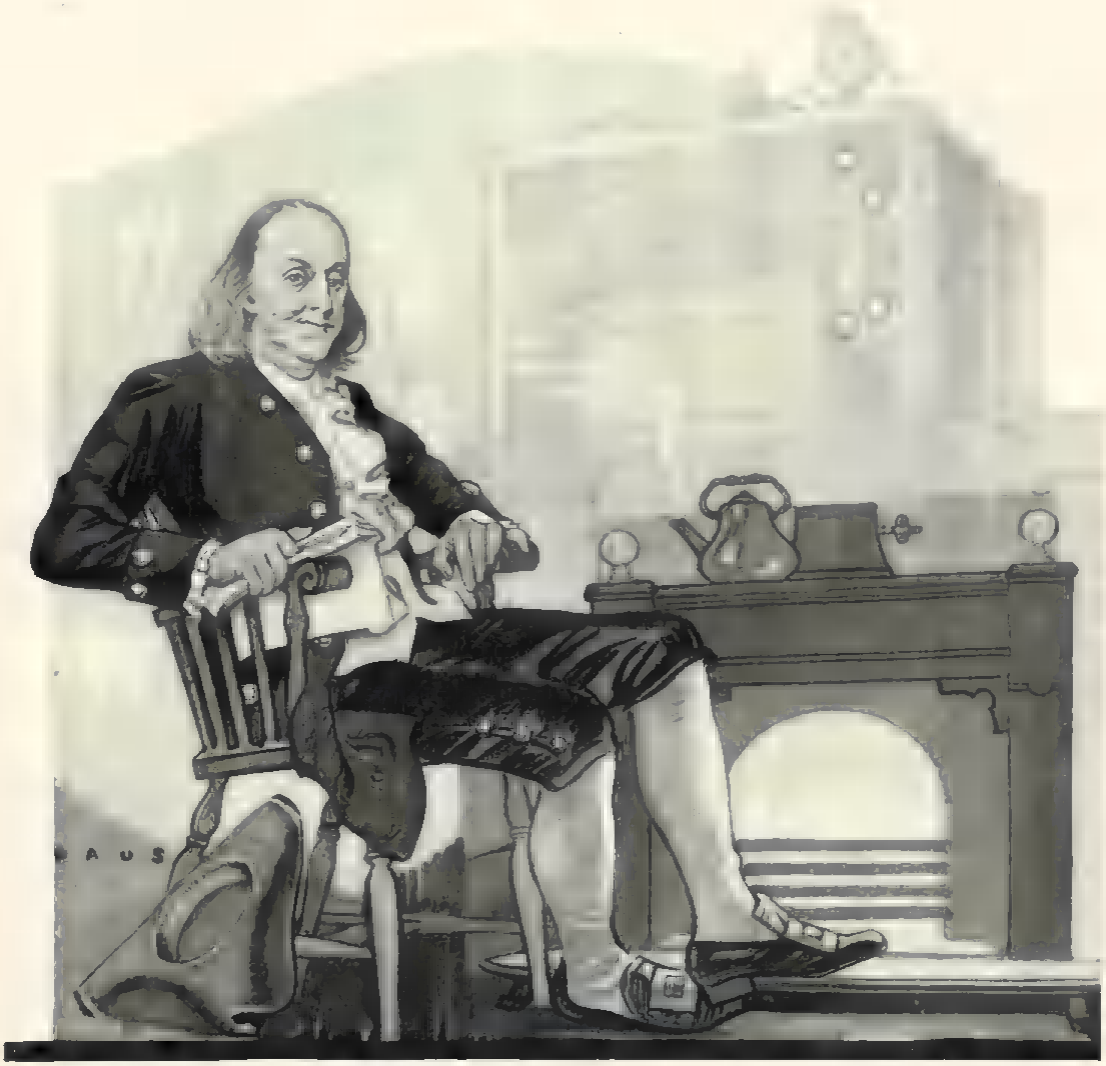

From a painting by
HERBERT PAUS

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THRIFT!

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The American Radiator Company has carried on the work he so well began. Out of its Institute of Thermal Research has come a long procession of better boilers, culminating in the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE—the most perfect heating equipment ever developed.

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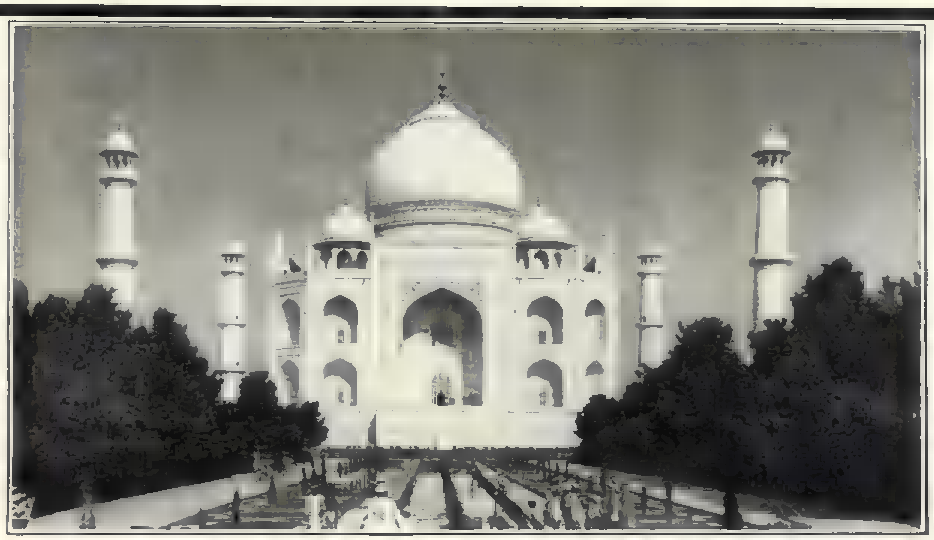

The TAJ MAHAL, *Agra, India — The Most Beautiful Building in the World — "its graceful domes rising like marble bubbles into the azure sky."*

The Taj Mahal alone is well worth a journey to India. Yet it is only one of a thousand beautiful and historical places equally fascinating to be visited on the

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No such world Cruise has ever been offered. Every modern luxury of travel on sea and land, every opportunity for seeing the wonders of the world.

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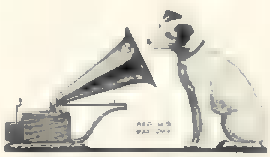

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THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

By Junius B. Wood

Author of "Yap and Other Pacific Islands under Japanese Mandate" in the National Geographic Magazine

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THE barakholka may not be the center of life in Siberia, but it summarizes conditions in that vast country today. Formerly, even to be seen in the barakholka meant to lose social standing. Today the fallen aristocracy are rubbing elbows with the proletariat in that second-hand market, selling their heirlooms, finery, and the articles which are considered necessities in the humblest of American homes.

The nation and the people, with millions of fertile acres lying fallow, with untold wealth in gold, semi-precious stones, coal, and iron waiting to be dug, with thousands of miles of navigable rivers and railroads, and empires of uncut timber, see their resources paralyzed by war's aftermath. It is a country on its uppers in the effort to start a new democratic government.

Russian psychology is mystifying to the nervous, aggressive American. Into the moment which he is living the Slav concentrates all the energy and determination of life or death. Of the future he seems content to dream and to scheme, and with Oriental fatalism leave the slow course of nature to work out the events.

Tragedy hangs heavy over the unending Siberian plains and hills—green and restful as a lotus bed in summer, white and with the bitter chill of death under the eternal sighing pines in winter—but there is laughter, love, and music through it all.

The larder may have been bare for days and the finery of past years soiled and ragged, with no hopes for the future, but there is always a smile and time to gossip while patiently waiting for fate to decide. The dance is just as gay, even though death may be waiting before the next early sunrise.

THE LONGING FOR A SILK SHIRT

On my first sunny morning in Chita, capital of the Far Eastern Republic, my interpreter carefully flooded the two glasses with tea until they slopped over, in approved Russian style, and announced that he needed a silk shirt. A steaming samovar always generates an atmosphere of contentment and prosperity. His financial rating at the moment consisted of ten silver roubles, equivalent to $1.58, slipped into his pocket just before the bedraggled hotel maid, routed out of bed at the unprecedented hour of 9 a. m., appeared with the melodious hot-water contrivance.

Interpreting was his first steady job in the year, during which all the family possessions, down to the table silverware, had been sold to pay the rent and feed the "keeds," as he fondly called them.

The job was almost finished and none other in sight; but in Russia the acute mental worries from cash in a trousers pocket outweigh all premonitions of future needs. He must have that shirt—real Russian style, with a heavy silk cord

THE MARKET OF HEARTACHES IN CHITA—THE BARAKHOLKA

The woman and her little daughter have the choicest of their household treasures displayed for sale in this second-hand market, a replica of which exists in every poverty-stricken city of the Far Eastern Republic.

VENDERS ARE NOT EAGER TO MAKE SALES HERE

The women and children crouch in the market-place with their personal property spread before them, while the curious stroll along in front. The aged woman in the foreground has a potted plant and a winter hat with which she must part.

Drawn by James M. Darley

A SKETCH MAP OF THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

Four-fifths of the 1,800,000 inhabitants of the republic carved from Siberia are peasants. Its area is equal to the combined areas of the new republics of central Europe—Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary.

around the waist and silk embroidered collar, cuffs and skirt hanging outside the trousers.

MARKET PLACE RESEMBLES A STREET FAIR

The few streets of little stores which once had been the city market-place had grown into many blocks of cubical frame sheds. It resembled a street fair. One wondered how there could be enough business in the poverty-stricken land to keep it alive.

Like a miniature city, the stands clustered according to commodities. Some offered comestibles, among which boxes of cigarettes with long paper mouthpieces, a fire precaution for the protection of Russian whiskers, and dusty black blocks of pressed tea predominated.

Another street was for dry-goods, where Chinese stands crowded as close together as in their narrow home alleys of Canton, with cheap calico prints, Turkey reds, silks uncertain in quality and origin, spools of thread, and needles able to bend like a hairpin.

Buriat peasants, fat and greasy, with carts of flour and fresh meat; swarthy

LUMBER IS CHEAP AND ACCESSIBLE IN CHITA

Timber is lavishly used in building houses and fences in this corner of the new republic.

THE "LAST WORD" IN RESIDENCES IN CHITA

Thousands of persons in Siberia are living in box-cars. These citizens of Chita No. 2 have cut the rails with the idea of converting their rolling-stock homes into permanent abodes (see text, page 585).

LOVERS' BRIDGE BETWEEN CHITA NO. 1 AND CHITA NO. 2

The rickety single-plank structure over the turbulent stream gets its romantic name from the need of a strong arm to reassure timid, maidenly pedestrians.

A SWIMMING PARTY IN SIBERIA

The warm summers of long daylight tempt the nearly two million people of the Far Eastern Republic, with scarcely ten bathing suits among them, to the enjoyment of this sport. This section of the Onon River, which resembles a lake scene in New Hampshire, has been reserved for the women bathers.

MUNICIPAL WEIGHING-YARDS IN CHITA

Both buyer and seller can have flour, grain, and other bulky commodities weighed on the public scales which each city furnishes.

A CHINESE CUTLER IN MANCHULI

Scissors, knives, crude Chinese razors, and other kinds of cutlery are displayed in the rough, and sharpened by the merchant while the customer waits.

GOING TO THE WEDDING

A bridal party is nearly always gay in Chita, despite the hardships and poverty which exist in every home.

Georgians, with putty-like soap and desperate home-made candy; Russian shops for tea and cakes, with unkempt waiters, and all the hawkers and traders habitual to where commerce is primitive and unlicensed.

A HEARTACHE WITH EVERY SALE

In the center of one of the soft, sandy streets, where the stores and stands spread apart, the barakholka stretched for two blocks. These merchants did not have the luxury of roofs over their heads, and their stocks were spread on the ground, carried in a basket or, if their offering was limited, held in an outstretched hand.

To most of them bartering was a new experience—a flutter of hope when a glance fell their way and a heartache if a sale were made and another family treasure gone. Like the wares they offered, they were of all ages and sizes, some practical and others hopeless, hard and worn or shy and embarrassed by the adversity which was new to their lives.

It was an epitome of Siberia today—industrially, commercially, and socially.

The interpreter could get a silk shirt. In fact, he could get anything he wanted, either useful or ornamental. All had been used and some of it so long used that it had passed the useful stage—carts, pianos, music-boxes, furniture of all descriptions, clothes for every size and sex, soiled collars and cuffs, shaving sets, tooth-brushes, family albums with photographs of bewhiskered men and old-fashioned women, unknown and valueless except to the owners, mouse-traps, lamps, books, paintings, candlesticks, soldering irons, tools in many varieties, silverware, jewelry enough to stock a loan bank, and locks off cabin doors. When everything is sold a lock is no longer needed.

The tragic merchants of the barakholka waited patiently in two lines down the broad street. Around them crowded the curious and the speculative; for some, mostly Chinese and thrifty sons of Abraham, had money with which to buy bargains.

THE TRAGEDY OF A WEDDING SHAWL

Near the end of the nondescript line stood a young woman in her early twen-

THE VEGETABLE MARKET AT VERKHNE-UDINSK

Peasants bring potatoes, beans, and other green produce in carts and baskets to sell in the open market.

A SIBERIAN BREAD-WAGON

The rough loaves of brown bread are baked at home and hauled to the market on the clumsy home-made carts.

A STREET-CORNER STAND IN A SIBERIAN VILLAGE

The ex-soldier is eking out a living by selling cigarettes, cakes, empty tin cans, and other knickknacks to the natives. The woman's winter footwear is a pair of Korean straw sandals.

ties. A little round-eyed girl of three or four held one of her hands and her swelling lines indicated that another was expected in the family. A black-silk lace shawl was twisted around her head and over her shoulders, while one like it lay over the other arm, for sale.

Her hat, and a Russian woman would rather go without stockings than without a hat, had already been sold. Now another piece of wedding finery was on the block.

"Skolka stoy?" the interpreter asked.

"It's 35 silver roubles ($5.35)," she replied in a tone so low and hesitating that it was more a question than an answer.

AN OLD LADY'S BASKET OF KEEPSAKES

He shook his head. She offered the other one, which she wore around her shoulders. It was better. The price would be the same. Her husband was sick and they must have money for food. It was an old story, undoubtedly true, but two men had no need for a silk shawl.

An old lady had a basket of family

keepsakes—a once gaily gilded ikon, odd spoons, photographs in frames, half a dozen Russian books, a pair of earrings in a plush case, and the knickknacks which are dear to motherly hearts.

In one hand she held a silver creamer, worn by many years of faithful service. It was gay with ornate flowers and scrolls, while across its front "To our loving mother from the children" had been engraved in Russian. Certainly, in those happy days of long ago, there had been no thought that the mother would some time carry it to the tawdry barakholka.

Two soldiers elbowed through the crowd. One was carrying a ponderous silver watch with a flimsy gold chain and locket of cheap enamel. It was 10 gold roubles ($5) for the outfit, and the owner was profuse in his assurances that the timepiece was reliable. The face of his companion was wreathed in smiles. He had been one of the guards on our train into Chita the previous night. His greeting was as effusive as if he were meeting a friend of a lifetime.

"I just sold my gold watch for 25 roubles," he explained. "It was a present when I was graduated from the university in Petrograd, four years ago, but we've had no pay for two months and my wife needs other things more than the watch. Tonight I'll take her to the theater and we can get along until there is some money for us."

A swarthy son of the Caucasus, with a handful of neatly folded Soviet paper money and a leather pouch hanging over his shoulder, stopped to listen.

"A 10,000-rouble Moscow bill for 2 roubles 80 kopecks, silver (40 cents)," he offered.

"How much sugar will your 10,000 Moscow roubles buy?" asked a workingman. The money-changer shook his head and the crowd guffawed.

THEY JEST AS THEY FACE STARVATION

We worked our way on down the line. A middle-aged man was joking with a woman holding a worn corset, which she offered for 3 silver roubles.

"A handsome young lady like you can't go to the dance without her corset," he was saying.

"There isn't enough in my stomach to need a corset," the woman spiritedly retorted. The crowd applauded her.

BURIAT CITIZENS OF THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

The Buriat-Mongols, among whom are some of the most thrifty, reliable, and well-educated citizens of the republic, have been accorded special political recognition by the new government (see text, page 590).

To one side, back of the line and away from the jostling crowd, a couple bent with age were sitting on an iron bed, a brightly polished brass samovar between them. It was for sale, with its story of many years in the quiet Russian home. A Russian home is no longer a home without its samovar. The old man eagerly explained that his wife had taken it to the river that morning and polished it with sand.

"Yes, this is our bed," he answered. "We've slept on it many years and our

A BURIAT BOY AND HIS MOTHER HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER THE DAY'S MARKETING IN CHITA

babies all have slept on it, but they are gone now and we can sleep on the floor. We have not much longer to go and we don't need much."

HIS PET RABBIT FOR SALE

Two little boys were backed against one of the frame sheds, as if fearing they might be seen. One of them stroked a fat, blinking rabbit. The other was affording consolation and encouragement.

"Papa says I must sell it, for we haven't any flour," he explained, starting to cry. "A dog killed my other rabbit, and papa says this one may get killed. But I must have 4 silver roubles (57 cents) for it."

The actors and the scenery change, but the tragedy under the surface of comedy is the same. There is a barakholka in every Siberian city, every place with an industrial population, which must sell the clothes off its back to get the food which the peasants and Chinese traders have. Food is plentiful and cheap in Siberia; but even the cheapest of food is unobtainable for those without a single kopeck. The meager rations which the government doles out is all that saves most of the city populations from starvation.

A white-haired woman, with a neat black cap on her head and a black hat in a trembling hand, was talking to a girl in her later 'teens, the first time I went through the Chita barakholka. The girl was pretty and her light cotton dress was neat, though mended and faded. She had a pair of high leather shoes, still serviceable for the bleak, wet days of Chita, to sell. She wore white slippers, scooping sand with every step, and her white stockings were generously patched and darned.

"Why are you selling your shoes?" I asked.

"Oh, warm weather is here and I don't need them now," she replied, blushing and turning away.

"And there are other things I need more than shoes," she added with twitching lips.

Two weeks later I was taking a short cut through the barakholka and noticed the white-haired woman with the little black cap. She had another piece of her wardrobe to offer, but the girl was not there. I inquired for her. The little woman explained, calmly and as a matter of fact:

"She was a good girl and came from a good home. Her father and mother died and her brother was killed by Semenov's men, who took everything. There was no work. She sold her jewelry, then her furs, her clothes, and everything except what she wore. Winter always comes,

BURIAT FARMERS COUNTING THE PROFITS OF THE DAY

and it is bitter cold in winter. Even before winter comes, one must eat.

"She had nothing more to sell except herself. A few nights ago she was at a dance. She did not go home, but went alone to the river. The next morning, when the other girls were swimming, they found her body. She is not the first and there will be many more."

FURS SOLD FOR BREAD, DEATH COMES WITH WINTER

It was warm when I was in the Far Eastern Republic, long sunny days, from 4 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night, and weather like summer in the Northwest. In the winter it is different, with the thermometer registering 60 degrees below zero and nature covered by a mantle of snow that never thaws. The winter furs and flannels sold to buy a summer's bread mean death when the icy blasts grip the country.

Of the 1,800,000 inhabitants of the republic, roughly 80 per cent are peasants, 15 per cent are in the government service of railroads, schools, telegraphs, posts, or bureaus, and 5 per cent are in private industry, such as shops, stores, flour mills, sawmills, leather tanneries and mining. It is the 20 per cent that suffers physically. The government, though without money, can supply a modicum of food to stave off stalking starvation for three-fourths of them.

In winter the Russian peasant burrows out of his log house from under the snow and the Buriat peasant of Mongol blood goes to his windowless hut in the mountains, just as they have done every year since they first pioneered in Siberia. They have food and there is more in their community storehouses, but their crudest of farm tools and their clothes, which are made for comfort rather than for style, are kept together only by constant tinkering.

A representative of a Canadian trading company showed me a sample of 10,000 thin German scythe blades which he was importing, trading each one for 60 pounds of butter or some equivalent farm product. Few commercial houses have the patience or facilities for conducting business in terms of barter, and the resumption of trade, even now that gold and silver are the only currency, is slow.

A WAITER GIVES A CUSTOMER 60,000 ROUBLES FOR SOUVENIRS

The two years of civil war which preceded the establishing of the present Far Eastern Republic not only paralyzed, but almost exterminated, trade and industry. The property and stocks of merchandise which were not requisitioned outright

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN FRONT OF THE VILLAGE PARK AT CHITA

Band concerts, theatrical performances, and other entertainments are given nightly. A sumptuous three-course dinner costs the equivalent of sixty-five cents in the park restaurant, yet the government is feeding 3,500 persons daily at the free soup kitchen across the street (see text, page 585).

NOT AN AMERICAN, BUT A SIBERIAN, DAY NURSERY

The government has taken part of the residence of a clergyman for this *crèche*, where mothers can leave their babies from 9 to 5 o'clock each day while they are at work (see text, page 592).

THESE YOUNG JUGGLERS GIVE A PERFORMANCE WHENEVER A TRAIN ARRIVES

The trio, one with three knives, another with sticks and rings, do their tricks at Manchuli station to the accompaniment of a doleful Chinese song. The leader punctuates his performance by catching his sticks on a drum, while the diminutive fourth member passes the hat for the passengers' coins.

were either looted or destroyed, violently or by decree.

The latter method was by forcing the merchants to accept the worthless paper money, backed only by the capacity of a press to print more money, which the various transient rulers issued. As many kinds of money have been in circulation in Siberia since the days of the Romanoffs as there have been governments or military chieftains.

One day I flashed a 10,000-rouble bill which I had bought for a few roubles in the barakholka on the waiter in the leading hotel in Chita. Incidentally, the hotel's proprietor was a Greek with a brother in Baltimore. He laughed at my gullibility until I explained that I wanted it as a souvenir. The next day he handed me a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. It disclosed about 60,000 roubles in bills of many colors and sizes, most of them Semenov 1,000- and 500-rouble "pigeon" notes, so called from the resemblance of their Russian eagle to that bird of peace.

"How much do you want for them?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing; they're a present," he laughed. "I only use them for cigarette papers, and a piece of newspaper is just as good. I'm worth half a million roubles in that money."

PAPER MONEY ABOLISHED BY THE REPUBLIC

One of the first acts of the present government was to abolish paper money as legal currency. Reversion to a hard-money standard brought the old gold coins out of their hiding places.

The disciples of communism do not bother their heads about fundamentals of financial economy. Most of them believe that gold has a value as a circulating medium because the Russian eagle is stamped on it, and a gold coin is looked on with a deep and abiding hatred, as a symbol of capitalism and the dreaded money power.

However, the men running the govern-

CHITA'S SUBSTITUTE FOR A PLAYGROUND

Children whose only homes for months have been box-cars at Verkhne-Udinsk still smile and play their games like children the world over. The boy in the foreground wears only a wool-padded winter overcoat and cap.

ment were sufficiently practical to decide that a gold coin, even with the reliefs of eagle and Tsar on its faces, was better for the republic than the gorgeous paper notes of Moscow, with the stirring admonition, "Poor workers of the world, unite!" in several languages.

Even though their philosophy was outraged, a gold coin did not depreciate over night and no communist faithful has ever carried his hatred to the extent of refusing one.

A new depreciated silver coinage—5, 10, 15, and 20 kopeck pieces—minted in Japan, was put into circulation to supplement the gold. A gold 5-rouble coin exchanges for 5.10 yen, while the silver small change is worth only 28 4/7 per cent of its face value.

A traveler's difficulties in shopping in Siberia are in discovering whether prices are in silver or gold. In general, any price under 5 roubles gold is quoted in silver.

Railroad fares are collected in gold, and as the trains move with uncertainty and deliberation, there is ample time to figure out that the rate is equivalent to between 6 and 7 cents a mile in American money. On one semi-weekly train, where a check-up of the passengers was made, four had paid first-class fare, 14 second class, and 34 third class, while 56 were riding on civilian passes and 97 on military passes. On a railroad where only 25 per cent of its passengers pay fare and the balance ride free, the tariffs must be high.

POVERTY HAS OVERWHELMED THE REPUBLIC'S RAILROAD

The railroad is the most important public utility of the republic. Poverty and dilapidation have overwhelmed it, just as they have gripped the fallen genteel of the barakholka. It keeps running, which is about all. With the obstacles which must be overcome, the marvel is that even that is accomplished.

Taking the cars on which we rode as examples, the passenger coaches are unheated in winter, windows dirty and broken, electric light fixtures wrenched out bodily, lavatories filled with dirt,

OFFICIAL TYPHOID DISTRIBUTER AT VERKHNE-UDINSK

Convenience is more important than hygiene to the men who drive their horses into the muddy Selenga River, on the border between Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic, and fill the city water-carts.

rough boards where once were mirrors, doors nailed shut or broken off, and the floors splintered from being used as chopping blocks. The proletariat seems to relish a martyrdom to darkness and dirt.

The lettering on the outside showed that one car had been on the de luxe Moscow-Petrograd Express. The only repainting had been to daub over the Russian Imperial eagle and stencil "D. V. R.," the initials of the Far Eastern Republic, in white paint.

On those cars which come from Soviet Russia the initials are varied to the equivalent of "R. S. F. S. R.," for Russian Socialistic Federative Soviet Republic.

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURES USED FOR SOVIET PROPAGANDA

Only one car was seen evidencing painting, a propaganda car covered with lurid colors of high-browed giants with bulging muscles, singing women, and waving banners with admonitions for the cause. Attached to this was an auditorium lecture car, the strongest attraction of which was a movie of industrial scenes in the United States—lumbering, railroad shops, automobile-making, meat-packing, and other activities.

Last July eleven months had passed since the railroad employes had been paid. They had received rations, hardly enough to keep body and soul together. One aged inspector, 30 years in railroad service, tremblingly showed me his rations for a five-day trip—four pounds of black bread and a pound of salt dried fish, the stench alone being sufficient to quiet the most voracious appetite.

Despite all this and the dangers from war and rickety equipment, they have kept on the job, men in the shops and on the trains, women and girls in ticket offices and at telegraph keys. For some it was force of habit, others had nothing else to do, and some were cajoled into it; but, without shading motives too closely, it showed a loyal devotion. Under the circumstances, all they could do was to keep the trains running and let the trimmings go.

The Far Eastern Republic has 2,920 miles of railroad, exclusive of the 1,100

SIBERIAN PEASANTS NEAR RAZDOLN

These are men of the type who form the "partizan" bands that carry on the irregular warfare in that part of Russia which Dostoievsky called the "House of the Dead."

miles of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, which also belongs to Russia. They are more of a liability than an asset.

As a part of the Transsiberian, the system of an empire stretching across two continents, these miles of road give access to the Pacific. They are more than the republic will need for many years to come.

The 1,438 miles of the Amur road parallel the river through tracts of virgin forest, a country rich in gold and coal, but undeveloped.

Geologists say that there is not a 150-mile stretch along this road where coal cannot be mined. It was constructed for military purposes, and when the war broke out much of it had not been ballasted.

THE REPUBLIC IS ONE-TWENTIETH OF FORMER RUSSIAN EMPIRE

When daylight is fading and the long shadows stretching across the plains, one realizes the vastness of Siberia—panorama of a gently undulating, silent sea, green and brown or unending white.

The area of the Far Eastern Republic is 450,000 square miles, larger than Texas and California combined, yet it is only the southeast corner of Siberia, one-twentieth of the former Russian Empire.

From Vladivostok, on the coast, to Verkhne-Udinsk, on the republic's western boundary, is more than 1,700 miles by rail, and little more than one-third of Siberia has been crossed.

Usually the train is the only sign of life. As far as the eye can see, the telegraph poles stand sentry along the winding railroad, fading away in the distance.

Everywhere are the scars of war. It may be a locomotive, rusty and half covered with sand, lying in the ditch where it plunged with its human freight. It may be the skeleton of a train, deserted on a side track, burned except for the steel framework of cars and trucks. Twisted rails, wrecked bridges, or shattered fragments, where an ammunition train has blown up, vary the picture.

A peasant's wagon, with shaggy galloping ponies and the invariable dog trotting behind, is a sign that a village is near. The lamps on the station platform are gone and semaphores stand with broken

KAPPEL OFFICERS AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN RAZDOLN

These men led the Kappel forces on the 7,000-mile retreat, the longest in history, from the frozen Urals, across Siberia to Vladivostok.

arms, for this is a moonbeam railroad, running without signals or headlights.

Barefoot women and children selling food and bottles of milk or home-made kvass (sour beer) are at every station. A whole roast chicken costs 50 cents; 100 fresh eggs, 55 cents; a quart of boiled milk, 2½ cents. Every passenger carries a tea-kettle for the hot water which the road furnishes free, or an empty bottle for a supply of milk, if he is not a Russian tea-drinker.

PASSENGERS CARRY WOOD FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE

At regular intervals the train stops and the conductor plods along the side, shouting "Tovarishchi—za drovami"! It is the call for the "comrades" to pile out and carry sticks from the neighboring woodpiles to the locomotive. It is a crude study in communism (see page 592).

Most of the passengers, women and girls as well as men, make their way leisurely across the fields. Some climb on the tender, and the fuel is loaded as by a bucket brigade at an old-time fire. Others stretch themselves in the sun to doze, gossip aimlessly, stroll with the girls, picking the yellow flowers or carving on the white birch trunks, or hang out

of the car windows, unmindful of the gibes from the more industrious fellow-passengers.

For thousands the railroad provides the only home. An official may get a passenger coach or private car for himself and his family, but the proletariat—men, women, and children—are herded by dozens in box-cars, anybody who can crowd in being free to pick out a corner for a home (see illustration, page 568).

In Chita and Verkhne-Udinsk hundreds are housed in box-car cities, cooking, eating, and living in the open during the day and at night sleeping on rough shelves which have been built into the cars.

Some are on the move, getting nearer Soviet Russia whenever a locomotive can be spared to pull their trains, while others have been waiting for months. Included in this west-bound tide are about a hundred American artisans each month, bound for Soviet Russia—"a country where men are free," as they explain.

East-bound were long trains carrying 20,000 Chinese refugees from Ungern's sack of Urga in Mongolia—wounded soldiers, merchants with Russian wives and Eurasian children, coolies, and an occasional European—being transported by Soviet Russia back to China.

At night every spare spot in the railroad stations—tables, benches, the tiled floors, the platform outside when the weather is good—furnishes a bed. Women muffled under blankets with babies and children; soldiers with rifles and mess kits under their arms, and travelers with their stale bread, pans, and bundles snore contentedly in the fetid atmosphere.

Even the hotels have cracked under the strain; but the weary host that sleeps in the stations lacks the few kopecks needed for a cot in the dilapidated, dirty, and overcrowded hostelries.

In Verkhne-Udinsk we managed to get a bare room with two broken iron beds in the only hotel for 32 cents a day, the Chinese proprietor a few hours later asking an advance payment of 10 cents to buy milk and medicine for his little red-haired Russian girl-wife. She sent in two glasses of milk for the travelers. A Russian believes in dividing when he has anything.

"We've had Ungern and Semenov and now we have the tovarishchi, and the good Lord only knows what we'll have next," said one woman. "Semenov gave us lots of beatings, and his Cossacks with whips kept back the crowds when the Americans were giving away the supplies, but we could get something to eat. If the American Red Cross had not been here, we would be naked now."

She wore a Red Cross sleeveless sweater above a patched skirt; the baby had a knitted cap pulled over its ears, though it was summer, and a barefoot boy was decked out in a pair of army trousers cut down to fit his short legs.

One Sunday the children from all the schools were marshaled for a parade. For days the newspapers had been printing stirring appeals to everybody to contribute a mite for those whose frail bodies were less able to withstand the hardships of life. Most of them were barefoot and bareheaded and there were none of the gay, fancy dresses which once were the holiday garb of every Russian child. It was picturesque and instructive, but tragic.

One mother brought her children, a red bandana handkerchief around her head and the dresses of the three little girls and the suit of the boy stitched from the same material. Even some of the teachers were barefoot, and more than one showed bare legs above a pair of cracked slippers.

"THE BAND KEEPS CHITA ALIVE"

The military band, with a stirring march tune, led the parade. The band keeps Chita alive. It precedes every company of soldiers, sturdy young men in unmatched uniforms, that marches through the streets during the day. In the evenings its members play at the two theaters and public gardens.

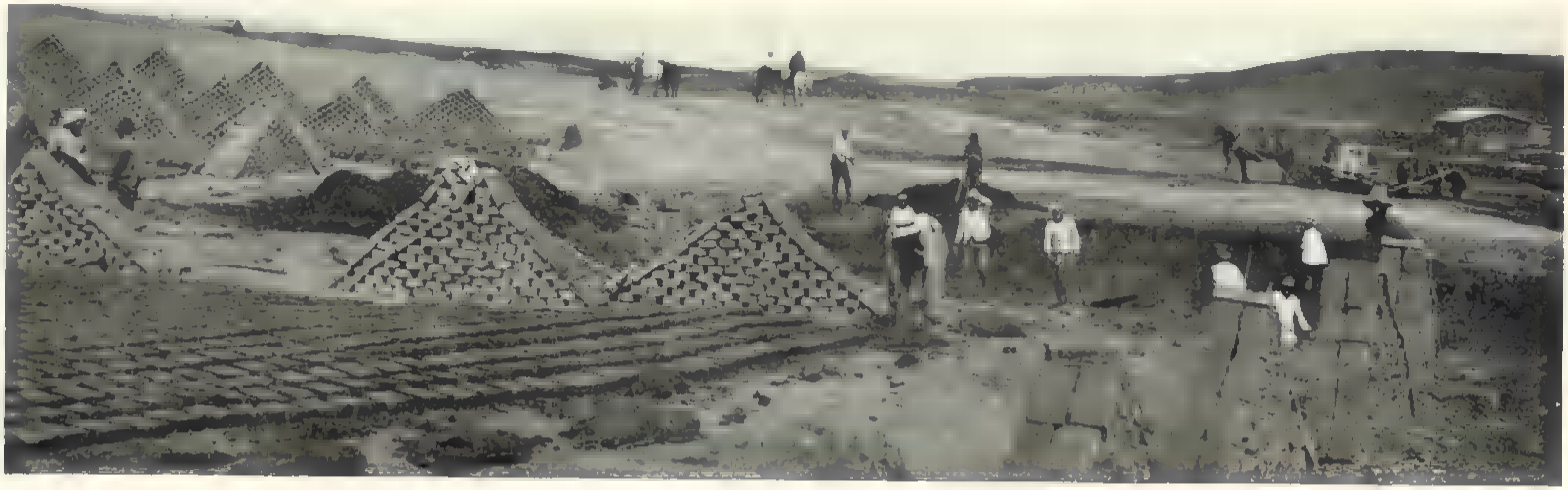
Chita even has a circus. It is mostly clowns with racy songs. On pleasant evenings the public gardens are filled, though 5 cents admission is charged. Every seat in the theaters is taken. No one attempts to explain how the strangely assorted crowd gets the price of admission. The cement-floored, free, outdoor dance pavilion is crowded also. Sometimes there is grand opera and other weeks there is a stock company or movies. The restaurant, where a good meal costs 65 cents, is almost deserted. The government free soup kitchen, on the opposite corner, has 3,500 callers every noon.

HAULING GOVERNMENT FLOUR IN CHITA

For months the only pay received by government employees of the Far Eastern Republic was an occasional ration of food.

A TYPICAL SIBERIAN CHURCHYARD IN CHITA

The churches in Siberia, since the new régime, are not supported by the state.



CHINESE COOLIES MAKING BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW IN CHITA

A LUMBER MARKET IN CHITA

Peasants from the hills haul the timber to the villages in carts resembling the tobacco schooner familiar in our Southern States. The coverings, however, are made of birch bark, blankets, or tin, instead of canvas and guano sacks.

When the serious-faced soldiers march through the sandy streets, with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or some other popular air, even a war-wearied American is thrilled.

Nearly every morning a stern-wheeler would come down the Selenga River carrying the wounded from the fighting with Ungern's bandits while I was at Verkhne-Udinsk. Frequently 300 would be crowded on the little boat, with only a couple of nurses to care for them during the three days' voyage.

Some of the wounded hobbled ashore on crutches whittled from saplings; others crawled on their hands and knees. There were only a couple of stretchers for the most seriously wounded. They made their way to the shade of a building or to the hospital without complaint.

"We captured 300 cattle and ate meat, which was a treat," said one youth, holding a swollen foot which had not been dressed for three days.

Among Russians, the present paralysis of the country and the suffering of the people is blamed on Japan. Much of it, however, is a heritage from the revolution, the overthrow of a despotic monarchy and the launching of another government whose principals go to the opposite extreme in radicalism.

That Siberia cannot recover as long as Japan maintains a hostile army within its territory, and that a large proportion of the Japanese military do not want it to recover until it is annexed, as Korea was, is equally evident.

One Japanese expedition, a survivor of the Allied assistance to Kolchak, by holding Vladivostok can control all the country's commerce by railroad. Another Japanese expedition in the Sakhalin district, in retaliation for the Japanese defeat and subsequent massacre at Nikolaevsk, can hold similar control over the rich deposits of coal and oil on the island, the thriving Russian fisheries, the timber on the mainland, and the Amur River route of the country's water commerce.

The most serious obstacle which Japan places to the peace of the country is the substantial support, invariably characterized by Tokyo as the work of unauthorized officers, given to brigands of the type of Ungern, the Chinese Hunhutzes, and others to harass the borders.

Possibly the government of the Far Eastern Republic would not be efficient and the people prosperous, even if the Japanese expeditions were withdrawn, but the most efficient statesmen in the world could not bring peace to a country with hostile foreign expeditions controlling all its arteries of commerce and forcing it to keep most of the able-bodied men under arms to repel the systematic invasions from without.

Regardless of the bitterness of his domestic politics, there are at least eleven different parties in Siberia or Russia; for the Russian is intensely nationalistic. He is hospitable to the foreigner, but believes that Russia is for the Russian first. His bitterness against the Japanese would be the same against any other nation trying to enforce its rule over his soil or his people.

OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE RESENTED

Efforts of other nations to dictate in Russia's domestic affairs, either by armies or otherwise, has been one of the strongest political assets of the Bolsheviki in European Russia, and the same holds true in Siberia. The Russian will overlook the shortcomings of his home government, patiently endure hardships, and risk his life whenever occasion requires, if it is necessary in fighting the ignominy of foreign domination.

Several motives contributed to the formation of the Far Eastern Republic as a constitutional democracy. Soviet Russia could have prevented, but assisted instead. Moscow has been the only friend of Chita, aiding it with gold and soldiers, though extremely limited in both. However, the two republics are separate, as any one soon finds out when passing the customs guards, immigration officers, and soldiers on either side of the boundaries.

In the first place, the Far Eastern Republic satisfied the wish for a buffer state between Japan and Soviet Russia. Next, the leaders of Moscow realized that their beautiful theories of communism had been an economic and social failure, and this corner of Siberia offered a good field to try out the democracy of America embellished with some of the latest radical novelties.

The third reason, alone sufficient, was that the Siberian peasant will never ac-

WELL-HOUSE AT SEMENOV'S CHITA HEADQUARTERS

Soldiers of this Cossack leader, before they were driven from Chita, are said to have thrown fifty men and women down this well and then driven horses and cattle in to crush them.

cept a broader communism than the guild communism to which he is accustomed.

The Siberian peasant believes only from experience. An Englishman was selling a peasant a hatchet, guaranteed good steel. The peasant bit a nick in the edge before he would accept the guarantee.

The Siberian peasant averages 100 acres of land. He can have as much more as he wants to cultivate. It is there for the taking. What he raises is his own. He is willing to put his crop in the community storehouse, but the idea of turning it over to a government on the strength of a promise of clothes, tools, or a free ride on the railroad cannot be driven into his head. He will not accept communism to that extent.

The constitution of the Far Eastern Republic may have been a hand-made document when it was presented to the 400 members of the first assembly, but it showed the changes of many hands—some crude, others shrewd—before it emerged.

It guarantees rights of private property and goods; but all land, rivers, and mineral rights belong to the state. They are leased in lieu of taxes, and the novelty of paying taxes is the test of the Siberian peasant's sincere support of the government. To induce colonization in Siberia, the old Tsarist government not only remitted taxes, but gave bonuses of machinery, seed grain, or cash.

Every citizen 18 years old, regardless of sex, religion, politics, or previous nationality, can vote. Minority representation is provided for in national, state, county, city, and village governments.

Five states are created on geographical lines and a sixth on entirely new lines—the autonomous racial Buriat-Mongol State, composed of citizens at large.

The fear of a dictatorship is evidenced when, instead of a single president, a commission of seven, known as "The Government," is elected by the assembly. "The Government" is the highest executive authority. It names the premier and he selects the sixteen cabinet heads.

The church is separated from the state. A citizen is free to profess any religion or none, and religious instruction is permitted only in theological schools.

Education is free and compulsory. So is work for every citizen, not more than 8 hours a day or 6 hours at night, with further restrictions for women and children.

GRUESOME EVIDENCE OF PAST EXECUTIONS IN SIBERIA

A little girl pointed out this spot, where her uncle had been executed, and then fled in tears when the bare skull was unearthed.

Every male citizen is liable for military service between 18 and 45 years, and it is compulsory between 20 and 22. Bodily and capital punishment are abolished.

Liberty of the press, speech, and assembly is guaranteed. Citizens may also initiate legislation and have a share in the administration of all government and public functions through an elaborate and complicated "People's Control."

This is the famous system of people's commissars, in theory enforcing efficiency and honesty on the regular officials, but in practice interfering and inefficient. If one officer is not efficient, little is accomplished by placing another to watch him, and the process is like Gillett Burgess's "fleas with other fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and so *ad infinitum*."

The people's commissars interfere with the army, the railroad, the local administration, and every other civil function.

THE REPUBLIC'S SECRET POLICE

The "gosudarstivenaya politicheskaya okrana," shortened by the simplified spelling which the Soviet has adopted into "Gospolokrana," is the most conspicuous of these safety-supervising forms of government. It is the secret political police of Siberia, similar to the "tchresnytchnainaya komissia," or "Tcheka," which is Moscow's special commission against counter-revolutionists.

The "Gospolokrana" can arrest anybody, and does not hesitate to do so when the occasion requires. It watches everything—enforcement of the prohibition laws, food profiteering, baggage of travelers, and chiefly political conspiracies.

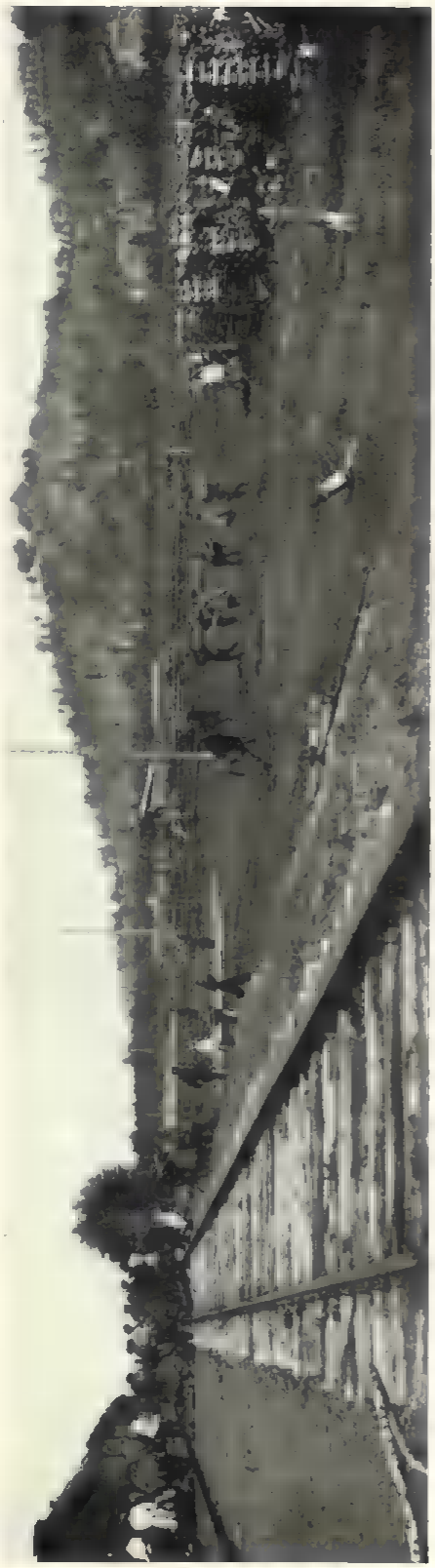
One evening its genial young superintendent was going to have dinner with me in Chita. Instead his wife came with a message that he would be busy that evening arresting the chief of staff of the army, who was suspected of corresponding with revolutionists.

This young man was an expert accountant in peace times. He had fought through the revolution, more than once given up by his friends as dead, and did not expect to retire from the present position alive.

Once he received word that several revolutionists were being smuggled out on a Japanese military train. He entered the private car of the Japanese general and requested permission to search it. The general, quite sincerely, insisted that it was impossible for the men to be in his car.

"Here's my revolver; if I'm mistaken, you can shoot me," the young fellow said.

Greatly to the amazement of the general, the men were found under some



WHERE COMMUNISM IS BEING TESTED

At frequent intervals the Siberian train stops near a woodpile and all the passengers are called upon to get off and carry fuel for the locomotive.

blankets, where they had been hidden by his orderly.

The government is struggling pitifully to maintain the schools and other civil functions provided for in the constitution. Without resources, it is hard to realize high ambitions. However, considerable is done.

One institution in Chita was a government *crèche* located in part of a church. A dozen volunteer nurses cared for nearly a hundred babies and children from 9 to 5 o'clock daily, while their mothers worked.

PROPAGANDA IS THE GRIPPING FORCE

Propaganda is the gripping force of the government. Every employee or soldier gets a free newspaper, and a Russian newspaper is always more enthusiastic for its country and some particular local party than it is for news.

Gaudy but artistic lithographs appeal to the large illiterate population, their tone in recent months having changed from appeals for soldiers to exhortations to return to the shops and fields, the advantages of schooling, and advice on fly-swatting or the extermination of wolves, boll-weevil, and other pests.

In each city is a reading-room, and the demand for books on industry, electricity, mechanics, metallurgy, medicine, agriculture, and other useful sciences largely exceeds the limited number of well-thumbed copies.

Outside, a more systematic world-wide propaganda is busy painting a dark picture of Siberia, in accord with the ambitions of other powerful interests.

Most of the fictitious stories of disorders in Siberia, embellished with a wealth of detail, originate with a mendacious publicity bureau, which is a part of the military expedition in Vladivostok.

I was goaded to frenzied activity when the American mission was in Chita last summer, long stories being printed in the subsidized newspapers of China and Japan and sent to Europe and America by press associations, of uprisings in a dozen cities, mutiny of the army, and the burning of Chita with most of the government officials on the pyre. Loafing in the shade or swimming was the most vigorous activity of Siberia at the time and Chita was as peaceful as any American village in midsummer.

THE SPLENDOR OF ROME

By Florence Craig Albrecht

Author of "Austro-Italian Mountain Frontiers," "Channel Ports—and Some Others," "The City of Jacqueline," "Frontier Cities of Italy," "London," etc., in the National Geographic Magazine.

WITH the name of Rome there comes to me always a vision of wide-open spaces radiant with blinding sunshine and of great bands and pools of velvety purple shadow. There are no half-tones in the picture. Everything lies bare to the sun or cowers in deepest shade. Along with the glare and the shadows is the splashing of many fountains, the sound of rushing waters.

It is not the Tiber, Rome's turbid river, which fills the air with music. The charm of the Tiber is romantic and in the past. That "Father Tiber to whom the Romans pray" exists only in poetry; the river of today is almost negligible in the sum of Rome's attractiveness, while ranking high among her menaces. "Too large a stream to be harmless, too small to be useful," Rome says of it; not altogether fair, perhaps, but we shall reach the Tiber again and again.

It is Rome's fountains that engage us now. No one goes to Rome expectant of them or comes away to forget. At first unmarked, later the fairest pictures shrined in memory show the flash and glitter of high-tossed spray, the rush and plunge of heavy streams, the shimmer of sleepy pools. Yet they are but tiny bits of all that we come to Rome to see and, going, strive to remember.

ROME LINKS US WITH ALL OTHER CITIES

How pitifully inadequate are words, how futile, where book upon book has been written and the subject but just begun. Older cities there are, cities that in their day were just as great, but they do not touch us as does Rome, who links us with them.

It was Rome who, with one hand yet stretched to the East, raised with the other the veil that shrouded all of Europe beyond the Alps, who brought upon the stage of the world all those rude tribes from which our race is sprung.

And can we go to her as to our own young cities, all unprepared, to tarry a week, a day, an hour? Not if we will have anything of her who can teach every one of us.

"I shall never dare to tell my Latin teacher that I was in Rome," said the president of a western university as he stood dazzled in the Forum; "I should have to confess that I gave it three days, and he said three years was too little."

Except students, there are few who can give years to any city but their own. There are very few cities in which so much can be learned in a day or two as in Rome; in ten years one could not exhaust it.

DISAPPOINTING AT FIRST SIGHT

Yet at first sight Rome is disappointing. So new, so conventional, so ready-made, so like any other European city, with smooth-paved, sunny streets, monotonous houses, trolley cars, electric lights, hotels, and little trace of those seven hills we came so far to see.

The pity is one enters the city usually upon its newest side, a side that in the memory of living man was all villas and gardens. One should come in by motor, at the north, by the old road and the Porta del Popolo, at the Pincian Hill, or be dropped ever so gently from an airplane on the Janiculum, the ridge west of the Tiber, and see Rome first as a whole, as one may from these points, not piecemeal, as one does arriving by train.

Yet if one has eyes that see, even here one may be brought speedily to that mood of loving appreciation which all visitors to Rome sooner or later attain. In the noise and confusion of puffing locomotives stands a bit of Servius Tullius' wall; in the piazza opposite is the remnant of Diocletian's baths reconstructed into a church by Michael Angelo; all those fearfully new dwellings beyond cover the gardens of Mæcenas, where Virgil and Horace were frequent guests.

In one glance we link with our own these wide-spread epochs, six centuries before Christ, His own time, three, and fifteen centuries after Him—and that is Rome.

Photograph from Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE HOLIEST WAY

At the highest point of Sacra Via, or Holiest Way, which from a simple path to the place of the ancestral dead developed into a roadway for the triumphs of the living, is the Arch of Titus, with its sculptures commemorating the defeat of the Jews and sack of Jerusalem in A. D. 70. In the foreground are the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Roma, the last pagan temple which remained in use in the Eternal City, and to the south wall of which was fastened the marble plan of the city.

Photograph by Alexander Stewart

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

In close proximity to the Colosseum (at the right) is the triumphal arch of Constantine, erected after the victory over Maxentius at Saxa Rubra in 312, when the emperor publicly espoused the cause of Christianity. The medallions and reliefs were taken from other buildings of the Trajan period.

THE ROMAN FORUM

Heart of the mighty empire of the Cæsars, source from which has come the unrivaled system of jurisprudence that has been the model of every modern nation, the Roman Forum was also the focus of architectural and civic beauty, the most conspicuous of the ancient remains in this quarter being the Temple of Saturn, with its Ionic portico of eight columns. The marble arch of Septimius Severus, shown to the right of the roadway, was raised to commemorate his wars in Parthia and Arabia. The three Corinthian columns in the left foreground are remains of the Temple of Vespasian. At the extreme right is the Temple of Faustina (see also page 598). The Column of Phocas, standing before the Rostra, or orator's tribune, may be glimpsed through the columns of the Temple of Saturn.

Far across the city, beyond the Tiber, rises a commanding ridge or hill, once Montorio, from its golden sands, now Monte Gianicolo, or the Janiculum. At its southern end a flat terrace, walled comfortably for lounging, shaded with thick-branched trees, bears an inconspicuous church and monastery, San Pietro in Montorio, the tiny "Tempietto" in the monastery court marking the spot where St. Peter was crucified.

The church has a double claim upon Americans, for it was built by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and is consequently just as old as we; but visitors are very few there, for St. Peter's huge church on the Vatican attracts them all; those that come to the Janiculum do it to see Rome. It was never one of "the seven hills," but it is a good place to look over at them, especially toward evening, when the long shadows help us to define them and the golden light reconstructs for us an older, lovelier Rome.

A MODERN CITY OVER A GREATER ANCIENT ONE

East of the river is all the Rome of the ancients, most of Rome for the moderns, king, court, administrative buildings, palaces, shops, hotels—a great, busy modern city overlaying a greater ancient one.

Even from here the city looks neither lovely nor picturesque. For that side of it you must walk some moonlight night by the Colosseum, loiter on the Bridge of the Angels when star-reflections dimple the sullen river, sit silent by a fountain in a rose-scented garden when the nightingales are in song.

Now we see a yellow and gray crowded modern city, lightened here and there by clustered treetops marking a garden, pointed with stately square towers and here and there a dome.

There are no "heaven-reaching spires," although a tower or two bear pointed caps; nor can we make out clearly the undulations of those seven hills. Time and engineers have done their work. Hilltops have been laid low, valleys filled in to suit the exigencies of trolley cars.

After a while, however, details commence to emerge in the even light. The Aventine is readily marked, the southernmost hill, that of the "opposition" ever since Remus fled there from his brother; the next northward, the Palatine, with its ruins of imperial palaces, its cypresses and ilex and pine; beyond it, just visible, the tall statues in the façade of San Giovanni in Laterano marking the farther side of Monte Celio, the third of the hills of Rome. It was never high (none were—160 to 180 feet), and from here we can make out no slope, nor on the Esquiline beyond, where rise the two great domes of Santa Maria Maggiore. But between the Esquiline and us, north of the Palatine, the Capitoline Hill rises abruptly, crowned with church and palaces.

Here we get glimpses of the ancient Rome we are seeking, not on the hill itself, but between it and the Palatine—great arches, a column or two, and the huge bulk of the Colosseum.

Of Monte Viminale we can make nothing, but Monte Quirinale is marked by the royal palace and Trajan's beautiful column, while Monte Pincio, to the north, flanks the white Villa Medici with rich green.

St. Peter's and the Vatican are hidden from us by our own hill, but all the rest of tourist Rome lies like a map before us, ringed by the glowing Campagna and lovely, snow-patched mountains.

The city glows ever more golden as the sun sinks behind our hill, the shadows creep in closer and ever closer from the east, the land fades into mistiness, yet the mountain-tops are light. The last direct beam touches a dome, flashes gold, and is gone. The Colosseum flushes soft rose, then dims, and suddenly all is purple dusk, through which a myriad twinkling lights burn vividly.

RECALLING THE HIGH LIGHTS OF ROME'S PAST

Here in the dusk let us recall Rome's history or such fragments of it as we may, suiting our mood and time.

Legendary are most of its earliest pages, not fitted for the glare of day; yet how much the poorer we should be without those many legends, pagan and Christian, which illuminate early Rome as no chronology can. Rome the Kingdom is all legend, chroniclers say; yet very real, very virile, were the men who built that mile-long wall about the summit of the Palatine, who reared and trained a race

Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

HOUSE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS IN THE ROMAN FORUM, WITH SOME OF THE STATUES OF THE CHIEF VESTALS STILL STANDING

The Vestal Virgins played an important part in Imperial Rome, not only as conservators of the sacred fire, but in politics as well, their influence obtaining offices and favors for relatives and friends, as evidenced by inscriptions found on the statues erected by grateful recipients. Near Porta Pia lie the bones of guilty Vestals, each buried alive in a little vault 12 feet deep, with the small dish and crust and the earthen lamp that was soon extinguished in the close, damp air. It was the fatal thumb of the Vestals that gave the signal of life or death for the unsuccessful performer in the Colosseum. To the right rise the columns of the Temple of Faustina, dedicated in 141 by Emperor Antoninus to his wife.

that seven centuries later conquered the world.

Two hundred and fifty years (754-509 B. C.) this Kingdom lasts, and is then overthrown. A Republic takes its place, to give way in five centuries (509-27 B. C.), through military despotism, to an Empire, which in turn endures five hundred years (27 B. C.-476 A. D.), though for the last third of that time very weak indeed.

After that, chaos. Kingdom, Republic, Empire—all are gone; only a weak, ruined city remains.

The great nobles, the Popes, and the people struggle for mastery; there is war within and without—invasion, rebellion, open strife, and secret murder. Charlemagne is crowned in St. Peter's and sets the Pope more firmly on his throne: a new element enters, the Frankish and German emperors, but the struggle goes on. Emperors and Popes are alternately friends and foes; the city is now Guelph, now Ghibelline.

Enters Napoleon and changes the map for a brief while, and again insurrection.

Now, in our own time, a united Italy, and Rome its capital.

There is the puzzling question of the "Prisoner of the Vatican," the problem of large needs and little means, the aftermath of war with her ancient foe beyond the Alps, to tax all resources. After twenty-five centuries, Rome is still making history.

So long as men read and remember, Rome cannot die. But her history is hardly one for a peace advocate. Greece lives by art and letters, but Rome by war. Except for very brief intervals, through seven hundred years the Temple of Janus stood open, and through conflict Rome grew in riches, population, and power. The theory that nations thrive best in times of peace was not hers; they thrive upon conquest, and a weak one merits its slavery, she seems to say. Remember that she was pagan. There was no thought in her of a universal brotherhood of men.

It would be pleasant to write here that Christian Rome was successful and peaceful, but it is not true; she, too, warred—less victoriously and more viciously.

The last of the Republic, the first of the Empire, were the days of Rome's political greatness, of her wealth, her pride, her power. Out of them there come to us uncountable inspiring stories, and in the Forum, to whose temples she brought tribute from all the world, we may stage them; out of its ruins an archeologist or a dreamer can readily reconstruct the busy meeting-place as it was in the time of Brutus, or Appius Claudius, or Cæsar.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

THE ARCH OF TITUS

Spanning the highest point of Sacra Via (see page 594) is the Arch of Titus, erected by the Senate to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem. The acts that made Titus famous in Rome won for him the hatred of the Jews, who were marched in chains in the procession of their captors and forced to lay the stones of this arch. Through the arch may be seen the towering ruins of the Colosseum.

Here, under the shadow of the Palatine, was the Temple of the Vestals; there that of Castor and Pollux, of Venus and Roma, of Saturn, oldest of them all; of Concord, the youngest. Here were the Julian and Constantine basilicas; over there the Comitium, where the patricians met; the rostra, whence Rome was harangued. Here were shops and porticos,

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THE APPIAN WAY

Constructed by Appius Claudius the Blind, during the Samnite War, and called by the Romans "Queen of Roads," the Appian Way is the oldest and most renowned of the ancient city. It stretched from Rome to Brindisi, on the Adriatic. Because of the law prohibiting interments within the walls, all roads into Rome were "Avenues of Death," the Appian Way being especially distinguished for the number and magnificence of its bordering tombs, which were constructed from the marbles of conquered countries. The ancient Romans buried their dead where the life of the city was the gayest, some of their most impressive monuments being beside the most frequented circuses.

Photograph by Alexander Stewart

THE HISTORIC TIBER

It is from the sharp bend of the Tiber opposite the Castle of Sant' Angelo that the Vatican and St. Peter's are seen at their best, as they stand out in gray relief against the sunset sky. The open space before the bridge was the scene, over three centuries ago, of the execution of Beatrice Cenci, the heroine of Shelley's famous poetic drama (see also illustration on page 602).

Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE TOMB OF ROMAN EMPERORS

Constructed as a tomb, faced with Parian marble, for Hadrian and his successors, the Castle of Sant' Angelo is approached by the Ponte Sant' Angelo, with its ten colossal statues of angels. The tomb, converted into a fortress, repelled the attacks of the Goths. From the tenth century it was the citadel of Rome, the party in power overawing the people from the stronghold. It was before this castle that the permanent gallows stood, seldom unoccupied.

and little narrow ways, and the Sacra Via, which led upward to the Capitoline Hill (see page 594).

It will be all vague and chaotic at first, a jumble of meaningless stones, but presently they will take form and precision and alignment; if you watch closely, you may even see the white-robed Vestals tending the sacred fire, instructing the novices, going off in wheeled carts—perhaps the only people in Rome who dare use them—to seats of honor in the amphitheater.

Thirty years of their life the Vestals gave to the service of fire and water—they, the daughters of patricians, but the true descendants of those shepherd maids who tended the fire and watched the well while the men fought and Romulus built his wall centuries before.

As tiny girls of ten, they began their training and doubtless romped about as children will, whether embryonic priestesses or slaves, in this atrium that we can trace today (see page 598).

At twenty they began responsible service; at thirty they commenced to train the novices; at forty they might leave temple and service, if they desired, but it is not recorded that many did.

Theirs was a place of honor and privilege so long as they watched their fire and kept their vows, chief of which was chastity. If the fire went out, they were scourged by the Pontifex Maximus. If their vows were broken, they died.

© Elmendorf, from Galloway

THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS

The Egyptian pyramidal form was frequently adopted by the Romans in their tombs. To the left of St. Paul's gate, in the rear of the pyramid, is a chapel where, according to legend, St. Peter and St. Paul, on their last journey, took leave of each other. Caius Cestius Epulo, a prætor and tribune of the people, died before 12 B. C.

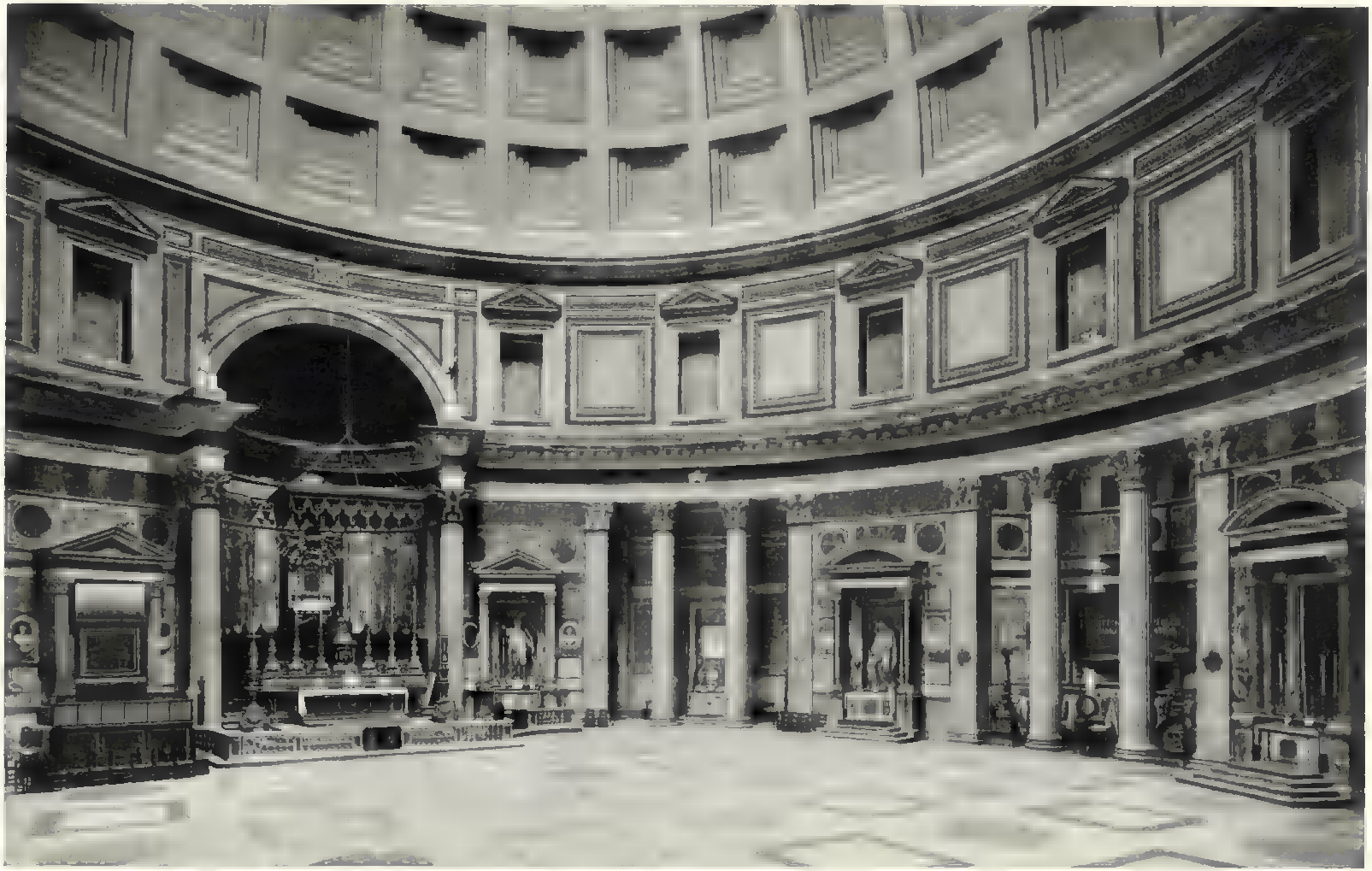
Over by the huge Treasury Building, which is the bitter jest of Rome, far below the pavement, are the cells where moulder through the centuries the bones of Vestals who loved not wisely nor well. With a crust of bread, a dish of wine and water, a small lamp, they went down alive into the gloom and were sealed there forevermore.

Not at first were Rome's buildings showy. The Kingdom and the Republic built, of tufa and peperino (volcanic stone), structures dull in color and small in size, and only toward the end began to coat them with stucco and adorn them with terra-cotta.

Tarquin's great temple to Jupiter was of these, its smooth stucco of marble dust, and on the roof a terra-cotta quadriga that required a fresh coat of paint each year. It was one of the gentle joys of Rome to chaff the consuls whose duty it was to apply the paint. Glistening white and brilliant red, the temple rose against

THE ROMAN PANTHEON AND ITS PORTICO

Built originally as a pagan temple, reconsecrated to Jove the Avenger, in commemoration of the triumph of Octavius at Actium—an event of as great significance for pagan Rome as was the battle of Lepanto for the Christian faith—the Pantheon became a Christian church at the beginning of the seventh century. Thanks to the researches of the antiquarians, one is able to visualize the earlier splendor of the temple—around the vast rotunda a circle of gods enshrined in their niches, among them Venus, her ears adorned with the two halves of the great pearl said to have been once the property of Cleopatra and a companion to that dissolved in vinegar at her famous supper with Mark Antony. The obelisk in the foreground came from the Temple of Isis.



THE ROTUNDA OF THE PANTHEON

Within the precincts of this historic structure repose the ashes of the artist Raphael, entombed there at his own request. Near by is the memorial slab to his sweetheart, the beautiful niece of the famous Cardinal Bibbiena. While engaged on his great works in St. Peter's and the Vatican, the Cardinal offered the painter the hand of his kinswoman, and Raphael accepted, but postponed the wedding day under pressure of work. Whether from neglect or disappointment, the bride-to-have-been sickened and died, and her epitaph, "*quæ lætos hymeneos morte prevertit*" (Whose happy marriage was prevented by death) has been called a tragic epilogue to a drama of the affections. The Pantheon is the noblest and best preserved building of ancient Rome.

Photograph by G. Frederick Atherton

HISTORY'S MOST IMPRESSIVE THEATER—THE COLOSSEUM OF ROME

In this vast amphitheater some of the fiercest gladiatorial combats of all time were held, when the Roman Empire was at the height of its glory. It had a seating capacity of about fifty thousand spectators, and was constructed almost wholly of blocks of travertine held together originally by iron cramps. At the extreme top of the wall was a narrow gallery, on which were stationed sailors from the imperial fleet, who stretched awnings over the spectators to exclude the glare of the sun.

the sky, but the rest of Rome lay low and dull and gray, so long as the Republic endured.

In the time of Sulla, Tarquin's temple was destroyed by fire, and to replace it great marble columns were brought from Greece, the first that Rome had seen. It was left for Augustus, however, to proclaim, "I found Rome brick and I leave her marble"; with the first of the emperors comes the glorious time for architecture in Rome.

In whole or in part, we have much of it today—mutilated, defaced, robbed, scorned, but yet testifying to the glory that was Rome. It varies in quality. Of three conspicuous arches, the triumphal arches that Rome loved to build, that of Septimius Severus, at the head of the Forum, is poor (see page 596); much better that of Titus, twice reconstructed, beneath the Palatine (see pages 594 and 599); very beautiful that of Constantine by the Colosseum, "The arch whereby the Christian Emperor proved himself a thief" (see page 595).

The last named was built from material taken from the Arch of Trajan, built in "Rome's golden time," which accounts, perhaps, for its loveliness. It suffered less at Christian hands than other monuments be-

cause it bore Constantine's name, and the barbarians, too, respected it, none knows why.

The Pantheon, Hadrian's tomb, which is called the Castle of St. Angelo; the Basilica of Constantine, in the Forum; the columns of Trajan and of Marcus Aurelius; fragments of city walls, of great baths, of tombs and columbaria, huge aqueducts that still serve Rome, and here and there through the city tall shafts and columns, fountains and statues, recall the names of emperors.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TEMPLE ON THE CAPITOL

Of that last wonderful temple on the Capitol there is today no trace, though it suffered neither fire nor thunderbolt. Of glistening Pentelic marble, with roof and doors of gold, it stood from the time of Domitian to that of Charlemagne, a temple so rich that Martial cried gaily that Jupiter himself would be bankrupt when he paid for his new house, even if he sold all Olympus. Soon after, Jupiter is evicted, his day is done.

Through the centuries the temple fritters away pathetically, a bit here, a bit there. A needy emperor strips the gold reliefs from its doors, a Vandal conqueror steals half its golden tiles, a Pope (Honorius) appropriates the rest to the building of St. Peter's Church.

After Charlemagne, the hill becomes a fortress for warring nobles, the nobles who raised those beautiful towers that adorn Rome today. The stones of temple and citadel make its defenses, and later go to build the Villa Medici and the Church of Santa Maria dell' Anima.

Under the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the southern horn of the hill, the stumps of huge columns and a bit of pavement mark the temple's site.

From these fragments we can reconstruct it, glistening white and gold against the sky as it stood some fair morning centuries ago, awaiting the coming of a conqueror.

Shall it be Julius Cæsar? What matters it? But it would be appropriate. As a boy of seventeen, he served it as a priest, his thick, dark hair curling from under the wreath of shining green leaves he wore, as he mounted its steps in the pride and vigor of youth. As a man of forty, weary and worn, his head quite bald from long wearing of heavy helmet, his heart aching with the instability of friendships, he mounted the steps slowly, upon his knees, while slaves held above him the golden wreath of the conqueror and from far below came the joyous shouting of the people who would not be stilled.

Upon the northern horn of the hill, where the Temple of Juno used to stand, is the Church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli. There are many legends connected with it, but people go there primarily to see the "Santissimo Bambino," a figure of the Christ Child carved from wood from the Mount of Olives and richly adorned with jewels of every conceivable sort.

The steps which lead to the church are a memorial, like the archangel on St. Angelo, to deliverance from a plague which devastated Rome, and people used to mount them on their knees as they do today the Scala Santa (Pilate's staircase) over by the Lateran.

There are many who claim that the custom is but a survival of pagan days, of Cæsar's example at the Temple of Jupiter.

A CONQUEROR'S TRIUMPH IN ANCIENT ROME

But we are going on too fast. Let Cæsar have his triumph; no more dazzling military pageant will ever be seen in Rome.

From earliest dawn, in the valleys about the hill there has been confusion and hurrying. The victorious army had spent the night in the Campus Martius without the walls and at sunrise was knocking at the Porta Triumphalis, the gate that opened only for a conqueror. Here again historians link old and older. The Porta Santa, opened by the Pope in years of Jubilee, is a survival of this triumphal gate.

The citizens, clad in festal garments, are crowding the hills about the route; the priests stand waiting at their temples, garnished for the day, those of Janus especially jubilant.

The sounds of shouting, of singing, of trumpets and lutes, come between the hills; the long train is winding its way along the river and around through the great Circus Maximus, there where un-

Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE FOUNTAIN ON THE JANICULUM

From the time of Trajan, Acqua, or Aqua Trajana, has been brought to Rome from the Lago di Bracciano, thirty miles distant. Four aqueducts convey to the city a supply of water equal to 110 gallons per capita per day, there being twelve great fountains, sixteen smaller ones, and more than three hundred public conduits that flow continuously into stone watering-troughs.

Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE FONTANA DI TREVI

With a flow of more than seventeen million gallons of water a day, the Fontana di Trevi is the most magnificent of the public fountains in Rome. The central niche has a figure of Neptune, and at either side are figures of Health and Fertility, in front of a large stone basin. It is customary for the traveler leaving Rome to drink deep from this fountain by moonlight and throw a coin in the basin, in the belief that his return is thus assured. The street urchin, fishing in the clear waters the next morning, profits by the tradition.

IN THE CENTER OF THE SQUARE OF THE CAPITOL IS THE FAMOUS EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS

The statue, which is of bronze, owes its excellent state of preservation to the popular belief in early times that it was a statue of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. To the left and right of the statue are the Capitoline Museum and the Palace of the Conservatori, or town council.

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO

Named for the extensive grove of poplar trees that surrounded the Mausoleum of Augustus, Piazza del Popolo is the largest and finest square in Rome. In the center of the square is a magnificent Egyptian obelisk of red granite with four marble lions at the base, from the mouths of which issue copious streams of water. This obelisk was erected in the Circus Maximus in 10 B. C., to commemorate Octavius' defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, and was dedicated to the sun. It was moved to its present position in 1589.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

FLOWER VENDERS ON THE STEPS LEADING TO PINCIO GARDENS

picturesque gas-works cluster today, between the Palatine and Aventine hills.

It turns in that meeting of little valleys where the ruins of the Colosseum now tower high, where Nero's great lake and Golden House once dazzled the eye, and comes up under the shadow of the Palatine Hill to the many crowded buildings of the Forum, to the Sacred Way that leads to the stately temple on the hill.

First the senators, heads of great Roman houses; then trumpeters, and after them the spoils of war—armor, banners, silken stuffs, household gear, statuary, fragments of buildings, the fruit of home and temple and army, the treasure of fallen cities and conquered states, borne aloft by slaves or heaped in carts—a long, long train passing one by one that all might see what had been brought to Rome.

Then oxen, the beautiful white oxen, with wide-spreading horns, which we see today on the Campagna. Each one is brushed until he shines; his horns are gilded and tied with ribbons, for he is a sacrifice to Jupiter this day.

Then the priests, all glittering, and possibly some strange animals—lions, elephants, camels—from far conquered lands.

Then troops of prisoners destined to slavery or, in later days, to death in the Colosseum; after them the personal spoils of the foe—his war-chariot, throne, shield, drinking-cup, his crown held high, his wife's jewels in precious vases and urns, his golden plate—and the man himself, walking bare-footed, in chains, unkempt, ragged, forlorn, a captive king.

So walked Jugurtha in the triumph of Marius; so Vercingetorix before Julius Cæsar; so Zenobia, conquered by Aurelian. Small wonder that Cleopatra preferred self-given death!

THE CONQUEROR IN HIS CHARIOT

When all are gone comes the conqueror, preceded by lictors and musicians. In purple toga gold-wrought, carrying a laurel branch and ivory scepter, he stands proudly in his high chariot, its horses four abreast, as in Jove's quadriga, receiving the acclaim of his fellow-citizens. About him are his children, the tiny ones even in the chariot; and there, too, two slaves, one of whom holds above his head the golden wreath that belongs to Jupiter.

while the other, lest his head be turned, whispers constantly, "*Hominem te memento*" (Remember, thou art a man).

After the conqueror the legions who fought for him, the soldiers, true sons of Romulus and Mars, who carried the Roman eagles beyond the Mediterranean, over the Alps, whose rhythmic footfall resounds for all time on the roads they laid. By thousands they come, shouting, singing, rejoicing; for this day they had endured privation, hard march and scanty rest; for this day they had suffered and striven, for it some had died. Cæsar did not triumph alone; theirs, too, was the glory.

The spoils are heaped in great mounds about the hill; the slaves are collected; the great captive goes to that hideous underground prison, old almost as Rome (the Tullianum or Mamertine Prison), to die more or less quickly; the victor leaves his chariot and slowly mounts the hill.

The legions go to their camp outside the wall, the people scatter, and in the coming dusk the conqueror of the world kneels to give back unto the king of gods and men the golden laurel he had worn a little while.

Photograph by Victor Cushman

DAUGHTERS OF ROME, THE MOTHER OF CIVILIZATION

THE DAYS OF TRIUMPHS VANISH

The days of Triumphs vanish, the sound of shouting dies, the Roman eagles cease to soar, the golden laurel dims. After Constantine leaves Rome for his Eastern capital, the Empire wanes.

Hunted, hidden, despised, tortured, martyred, but steadfast, eventually the Christians peacefully conquer Rome. Many are the beautiful stories told of them, stories that are our common heritage. It is a pity that the poor taste and superstition of the Middle Ages should so have twisted and turned and overadorned them that we turn from them disdainfully today. Because of their incredibly mystic or miraculous trappings, we will none of them, losing the beautiful, dignified truth beneath.

Rome has so many legends, so many stories, and under their picturesque surface is ever a solid stratum of reality. Some of the stories are pretty, but more ugly; some are sweet and sad and some bold and brave; some are sordid and mean beyond telling; occasionally one is amusing, but more often they are bitter and

Photograph from Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE ITALIAN "WHITE HOUSE"—THE QUIRINAL—AND THE KING'S BODYGUARD

The Quirinal is one of the largest palaces in Rome. It was formerly the summer residence of the Popes and the place in which the conclaves were held for the election of the Supreme Pontiff.

cruel beyond all conception, and, to our shame, not the least cruel are told of Christian men.

Every stone in Rome, had it a tongue, would cry in agony; every one is blood-stained. Bright, modern city as it is, it is built on and of the ruins of its predecessors; it carries their heritage of joy and woe.

It is not worth while to torture ourselves with details of the sacrifices whereby the Christian faith won Rome. We know from the lips of the pagan Seneca how bravely the martyrs died: "What are your sufferings compared with the flame and the rack? And yet, in the midst of sufferings of that sort, I have seen men not only not groan, that is little; not only not complain, that is little; not only not reply, that, too, is little; but I have seen them smile and smile with a good heart."

THE BEGINNING OF THE PAPAL STATES

The sacrifices pass, the emperors grow feeble, the world accepts the Christian faith, the bishop of Rome becomes a mighty power. At first the rule is spiritual alone, the kingdom is not of this earth; at first he is only a gentle teacher promising eternal joy. The years go on; he is more a ruler, less a priest. The ancient kings of Rome were also Pontifex Maximus (High Priest); the Pontifex Maximus now will be a king.

We find a Roman prefect offering to become a Christian if he can thus be made bishop of Rome; we get a glimpse of his power. Later another prefect does embrace Christianity, becomes monk and pope (Gregory the Great), and forbids other bishops to be known as pope (papa), as had been customary. He fixes the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome.

Over the Alps comes again and again the Gothic invader.

There is constant trafficking and bargaining, much dissolute living and open crime. Rome, from a city of over a million inhabitants, goes down through the ages until she has scarcely a thousand; until her temples and churches, her great basilicas and palaces, lie ruined at the foot of her hills.

With the fifteenth century she begins to revive and, although there is still constant strife before her, she attains a prosperity as the seat of Christ's Vicar she could not know as a political power. Pilgrims come from afar to her shrines, royal penitents seek peace and grace there, and each leaves rich gifts on her altars and in her hospices.

WHEN POPE AND PATRICIAN WERE RIVALS IN ADORNING THE CITY

This is a time of building, and from it are the many great churches, the beautiful piazzi, the palaces to which we go today. They are much changed, restored, altered, but they speak to us of the Rome of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, the day when pope and patrician rivaled each other in adorning their city. That was a day of luxury almost as great as in the time of Imperial Rome, but more cautious. An amusing story may illustrate it.

Leo X, patron of art, was frequently in his banker's debt. This banker, Agostino Chigi, was of kindred tastes, but longer purse, and they were the best of friends. Chigi invited the Pope one day to a banquet in his pergola by the Tiber, and as each course was finished the gold and silver plate on which it was served was tossed nonchalantly over the wall into the river.

The Pope's eyes grew big, but there was nothing to be said or done; he could not hope to equal his rival here.

The supper ended, the Pope and his train departed; Chigi's servants lifted the silver platters, the golden urns and goblets, from the net in which they had been caught!

Of all these popes, Sixtus V in his brief five years did most for the Rome we know, leaving her as she remained until 1870, when a great increase in population (it is now about 600,000; in 1870 it was not half that) and a new era of building began.

THE BRIDGES OF THE TIBER

We must cross the river and we have choice of many bridges (twelve, I think), but the two most popular are the Ponte Palatino, for its view of the Ponte Rotto and the island, and the Bridge of the Angels, leading to the Castle of St. Angelo and the Vatican (see pages 601 and 602).

A CONTINGENT OF THE SOUTHERN ITALIAN POPULATION TAKES ITS EASE IN THE SUN

At the turns the river spreads in shining reaches that reflect sky and cloud, palace and dome; but at other points it runs sullenly between its walls and is never to Rome what the Thames is to London, the Seine to Paris, a servant, a lover, and a friend.

There is no least trace of the Sublician bridge, the one wooden bridge bolted with bronze, so readily destroyed when danger threatened from the Janiculum. Thence it was that Lars Porsena came, and "brave Horatius" with two comrades held this bridge against the whole Etruscan army.

The river can tell you many such a tale, and of the Castle of St. Angelo more than a few—of Theodora the Senatress and her yet more evil daughter, Marozia, who held it; of Cellini and Cenci and many another who suffered and died here or in the square at the other end of the bridge.

THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT

From the Pincio we look straight down the Corso to Victor Emmanuel's great monument, reared against the Capitoline Hill (see page 625).

A popular American lecturer advises his hearers "to think in big figures." That advice has ever been totally superfluous in Rome. Her circuses, her Colosseum, her palaces, her triumphs, her banquets, were the biggest of their kind; her temples were huge, her churches the largest in Christendom. Modern Rome's Palazzo delle Finanze covers thirty thousand square yards, "the largest treasury in Europe for the least treasure"; this great, expensive monument to Victor Emmanuel II is the largest of its kind in the world.

It seems out of place there, against the Capitoline Hill. But, then, everything is out of place there. The saddle between the two horns is a magnificent square, the Piazza del Campidoglio (see page 610). At right and left are palaces, the Capitoline Museum and the Conservatori, while across the end stretches the Palazzo del Senatore, shutting out all view of the Forum, which was nothing but a quarry when the palace was erected, in 1150.

On the sunny pavement of the piazza Marcus Aurelius rides his bronze horse commandingly. Of all the many equestrian statues of ancient Rome, this alone survives, Christian Rome accepting it as a portrait of Constantine, respecting it when Roman marble was being burned for lime and ancient bronze was being melted down.

Michael Angelo set up the statue here (1538), bringing it from the piazza of the Lateran.

But this square is too modern for such ancient memories. What one sees here is Rienzi, a fallen idol, waiting a full hour for the people to strike him down. Now he also has a bronze statue in the pretty garden on the hill.

WHAT SIXTUS V DID FOR ROME

In the square below us, as we loiter on the Pincio, is a great obelisk, and that brings us back to Sixtus V and his services to Rome.

Not a few of Rome's great piazzi, which add so much to her attractiveness, are the more beautiful because of his thought. He repaired, he restored, he tore down, he built up; to him we owe the Lateran Palace of today (a museum), the marble staircase of the Piazza di Spagna, the Acqua Felice, the Dome of St. Peter's.

He it was who moved the "Horse Tamers" to their present position and set up fountains and obelisks in the squares of Rome. One obelisk, that of Rameses III, brought by Augustus to Rome, is in the Piazza del Popolo at our feet, its hieroglyphs yet visible, taking us back three thousand years (see page 611). Another, from the Basilica of Constantine in the Forum, is in the Piazza dell' Esquilino before Santa Maria Maggiore, the greatest of the eighty churches dedicated to the Virgin in Rome. Our Lady of the Snows is her older and prettier name, commemorating the legend of her foundation, an August snowfall—a story told me first in a church far beyond the Alps, in the open German plain.

Another obelisk is near San Giovanni in Laterano, the oldest and largest in Rome, perhaps in the world. It is of red granite, 105 feet high (with pedestal 154 feet), and was first erected by Thothmes III 1436-27 B. C. What an upstart Rome is, to be sure! Constantine brought the monolith to Rome to adorn the Circus Maximus, possibly to mark the goal of

Photograph from Arthur Stanley Riggs

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S FROM AVENTINE HILL

The highest and most picturesque hill in Rome, the Aventine, is said to have been the place where Peter and Paul taught the Christian faith. In early times it was the hill of the plebeians, who retired to its heights in their controversies with the patricians.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

NEWSBOYS DREAMING OF THE SPLENDOR OF THE PAST

the chariot-races. Now it stands in the silent, sunny piazza before the church, still speaking of Egypt, although sixteen centuries in Rome.

THE FIVE PATRIARCHAL CHURCHES OF ROME

The Church of St. John, or San Giovanni, is one of Rome's five "patriarchal" churches of which the Pope is direct head and to whose congregations all Christians throughout the world once were accredited. They have always been greatly venerated and, along with Santa Croce and San Sebastiano, above the catacombs of the Via Appia, form the "seven churches of Rome," better known to pilgrims than the far-famed seven hills. They are still the notable churches of Rome, the stateliest, richest, and holiest, although the Pope comes to them no more. Besides St. John, they are St. Paul and St. Lorenzo, both without the walls, St. Peter's and Santa Maria Maggiore.

St. John, like the other great churches, was founded by Constantine to please Saint Sylvester, then bishop of Rome. It occupied the palace of the Laterani family and for all time wedded pagan name to Christian saint.

From its foundation until the popes went to Avignon, it was the Papal residence. Upon the return to Rome, in 1377, Gregory XI took up his residence at the Vatican and, although Sixtus V rebuilt the palace, none has since dwelt here, although many are buried in the church.

The great bronze central doors came from the Curia, the Senate-house of early Rome. Look closely and you will see that they are pieced to fill their present position at the end of the long nave.

The door at the extreme right is closed. That is the Porta Santa, which opens only every twenty-five years.

BURIAL PLACE OF THE HEADS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

The church is stupendous and the cloisters marvelously lovely. Its many visitors are of two sorts—the art-loving and the devout. One group lingers long before its treasures; the other prays long before its shrines, the chief of which contain the heads of Saints Peter and Paul.

St. Paul's body, after transfers to and from the catacombs, rests in his great glittering church without the walls, where he was first buried, and St. Peter's in the cathedral that covers his original grave.

It has long been the habit to dismember saints, popes, and royalties. Hearts, heads, and various other intimate properties were enshrined separately all through the Middle Ages, and it takes nothing from the merit of St. Paul's or St. Peter's that their saints are headless, while it gives much to St. John's.

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PIUS XI IMPARTS A BENEDICTION AFTER HIS CORONATION

Over the central entrance to St. Peter's is the loggia, where the Pope is seen wearing the triple crown, which is emblematic of the triple dignity of teacher, lawgiver, and judge. The decorative banner is emblazoned with the coat of arms of Pius IX.

Wide World Photograph

CARDINAL BISLETI ANNOUNCES THE NAME OF THE NEW POPE

On February 6, 1922, Cardinal Gaetano Bisleti announced to the waiting throngs before the loggia over the main entrance to St. Peter's that Cardinal Ratti of Milan had been elected as the successor of Benedict XV and had chosen the name of Pius XI.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

IN A SUNLIT ROMAN COURT

But we are forgetting Sixtus V, the "strong man" of his time, "the one man who is worthy of my hand," quoth Queen Elizabeth. There is much we are forgetting. We have not climbed the Scala Santa, the twenty-eight marble steps from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, where Luther heard the voices declaring, "The just shall live by faith"; nor seen at the top the Sancta Sanctorum, the private chapel of the popes, which remains from the palace of 1278.

We have not been to the Palazzo del Quirinale, built for a summer residence for the popes (1574) because the hill was higher and airier than the low Monte Vaticano, and, since 1870, the residence of the King (see page 614).

We have slighted the museums and galleries, the great palaces and gardens; we have bought no flowers by the "Spanish Stairs," nor watched the urchins turning cart-wheels in the hope of *soldi*.

We have given no thought to the great monastic orders nor their influence on Roman history.

WHEN ROME OUTWITTED THE CENSOR

We have not asked Pasquino's opinion on political questions of the day, but if dispatches are being censored he is sure to have one. He and Marforio, the river-god, held long satirical dialogues in the days of overcensored Rome. He is the fragment of an ancient marble group by the Palazzo Braschi. Tradition says a tailor gave him his name.

The ironical epigrams were pasted on the marble, and in less than a day, possibly an hour, an answer appeared on Marforio, yet none saw them arrive.

The popes were often pilloried thus, and some of them wanted to throw the statues in the Tiber, but did not dare.

Marforio is now in the Vatican and presumably silent — but how lonely! When Napoleon carried off Pius VII to Paris, Pasquino said, "*I Francesi son tutti ladri*" (The French are all robbers), and Marforio replied, "*Non tutti, ma Buona-parte.*" (Not all, but a good part.)

A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S

We have not been to St. Peter's, but we can see it from here, its great dome floating in the blue. Go nearer it if you will; learn the meaning of its bigness, of your own insignificance (see page 624).

The great colonnades reach out their arms to inclose you, the fountains toss

their spray in air to carry your thoughts to the sky. The great façade looms ponderous, overpowering before you, hiding its glorious dome. The tall obelisk beside you seems but a walking-stick for size.

The obelisk has a longer history than the church that dwarfs it, which, men say, prompted Sixtus V to set it here. It was brought from Heliopolis by Caligula; it was set in Nero's circus here, on the Mons Vaticanum; it has witnessed pagan games, Christian tortures, St. Peter's burial; its base has been soaked with martyrs' blood.

It stood or lay for centuries near the present sacristy and was brought upright to its present place, a distance of about 1,000 feet. Michael Angelo had told Paul III that to move it was impossible; Sixtus V did not recognize the word. To a young architect, Domenico Fontana, he granted unlimited means and power; then he sat back and waited. What pagans had done sixteen centuries before, Christians should do for him.

Fontana came at last and said that he was ready. Beams, irons, ropes, horses, men, and all Rome were waiting in the square. Would the Pope bestow his blessing on the work? The Pope thinks that can wait. A scaffold has been set up in the piazza; if Fontana does not succeed he will die there. Sometimes a hint seems more effective than a benediction.

THE STORY OF THE RAISING OF THE OBELISK

The people are hushed to silence under penalty of death. Fontana's sharp commands are heard. Nine hundred men and a hundred horses begin their work. The ropes grow taut; the column rises. Then it sticks, will not move; the strain is intense.

In the silence a hoarse voice shouts, "Water! water on the ropes!"

The hint is taken—the "Needle" goes home! And a sailorman has won for San Remo, his birthplace, the right to supply palms for St. Peter's service on Palm Sunday to this day.

Within, the church seems larger than without; a thousand people are lost in it and fifty thousand do not fill it. Its proportions are beautiful and its effect imposing. It is the largest church in the world, but it is not for me the most beautiful. In spite of the constantly succeeding services, it makes more the impression of a monument than a house of prayer. Constantine the Great founded it; Sylvester I consecrated it, in 326, over the grave of St. Peter in the circus of Nero. Its foundations are laid in blood-soaked soil.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

YOUTHFUL FLOWER MERCHANTS IN THE SHADOW OF THE COLOSSEUM

In the fifteenth century a reconstruction became necessary and for two hundred years the work went on intermittently. On November 18, 1626, the 1300th anniversary of St. Sylvester's consecration, Urban VIII consecrated the new work.

Fra Giaconda, Raphael, Bernini, Michael Angelo, Bramante, Sangallo, Ma-

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AN AËRIAL VIEW OF ROME

To the left of center the magnificent St. Peter Basilica stands out with startling clearness; directly before it is St. Peter's Place, and to the right are the famous Vatican Palaces and Gardens.

© Elmendorf, from Galloway

ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN MEMORIAL, THE MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL II

On the southern side of Piazza di Venezia, the tramway center of Rome, is the imposing monument to Victor Emmanuel II. Approached by massive flights of steps, it rises to a height of 200 feet from the center of a colonnaded platform. The monument cost $5,000,000 and was under construction for 25 years. The statue of the first king of modern Italy and that of General Grant (unveiled in Washington on April 27 of this year) are within a few inches of the same size and are said to be the largest equestrian statues in the world.

derna, all labored there; it represents the flower of Roman art in that time.

There is more of their work in the adjoining palace, the "house of a thousand rooms," in one corner of which His Holiness the Pope dwells. The rest is given over to museums and galleries. The palace covers thirteen acres, of which six are in courtyards, large and small, and behind it are beautiful gardens which one may not enter.

GHOSTS OF ANCIENT ROME

The sun goes slowly down behind palace and church.* The Pincio still lies in the light, but the violet shadows lengthen stealthily. Out of them come trooping, with the darkness, a host of memories, ghosts of ancient Rome.

Nero's uneasy spirit walks nightly in the Piazza del Popolo, finding no rest in his grave. Messalina, of evil memory, haunts the gardens of the hill where she was slain.

In the dusky streets, stretching away from us on every side, sandaled or booted footsteps resound softly, the patter of that host whose names illumine history, coming toward us down the centuries: Cæsar and Pompey, Scipio and Hannibal, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, Ste. Cecilia and St. Paul, Constantine, Alaric, Charlemagne, Gregory, Petrarch and Tasso, Borgia and Cenci, Colonna and Orsino, Luther and Galileo, Rienzi, Titian, Loyola, Palestrina, Napoleon—an endless procession—emperor, conqueror, poet, artist, saint or martyr, each with a claim on fame.

The Pincio, the "Hill of Gardens" in Lucullus' time, became under Napoleon (1809-14) a beautiful pleasure ground. For a century fashionable Rome came here toward sunset to drive slowly in great circles, listen to music, and pay each other visits, while the less wealthy Romans loitered afoot on the terrace to gossip and to watch the show (see p. 612).

Gossip there was a-plenty, jesting, soft laughter, and more or less flirting, no doubt, for in the carriages, well chaperoned, of course, were to be seen the fairest faces of Rome. And not only the beauties, all the celebrities were there—the greatest statesmen, the soldier-idol of the moment, the most popular cardinals resident in Rome—receiving graciously the salutations of their admirers, the murmured applause of the crowd.

THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

Then came war and changes. Soldiers, priests, statesmen hastened to their duties; ladies, old and young, to service in hospitals, workrooms, soup-kitchens.

Now, after three and a half years of warfare and three and a half of peace, bitter even to victors, the old custom resumes sway. But is the sunshine as bright, the laughter as gay? Eyes that see through tears see shadows everywhere, and who can laugh wholeheartedly when so much youth lies dead?

Another generation must grow up, another generation which has not witnessed the devastation of Italy's great plain, which has not lost father or husband, brother or lover, on some distant battlefield or, worse yet, seen them come home from prison-camps only to die miserably.

Like all other nations engaged in the World War, Italy had her share of all its miseries and its aftermath.

Like all others, she had her share of those ignoble souls who profited ghoulishly upon their country's necessities and her children's lives.

Like them, she has had—more than most, perhaps—her labor troubles, her sporadic revolutions against law and order, her misled patriots, her willful mischief-makers; has had to listen in helpless anxiety to the wails of the hungry, the outcry against rationing of foods, the ever-increasing prices of necessities, and the ever-depreciating purchasing power of her money.

It is a very different Rome that walks today upon the Pincio—walks because few have money for carriages or motors, as of old—a Rome that no longer "takes memories for hopes," but looks gravely into a future stern and grim, but at length giving promise of coming sunshine.

Italians are industrious and frugal. Harvests in times of peace are usually bounteous. Some bitter lessons there yet may be to learn before the sun shines radiantly; but, if all Rome desire it ardently, there shall arise a city which will far outshine the glories of the old and irradiate all Italy.

*St. Peter's façade looks to the east, not to the west, and its priests face the congregation across the altar.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

ON THE DISTANT SUMMIT RISE THE RUINS OF VILLA JOVIS: CAPRI

Here Tiberius, the stepson and successor to Augustus Cæsar, spent the last ten years of his eventful life. Beyond the height crowned by the villa walls may be seen the Sorrentine Peninsula of the Italian mainland.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A PIPER OF CAPRI, THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS

This musician and his fellows come to Capri from the mountains of the mainland at Christmas time to play before the shrines and in the houses of the islanders. Theirs is a hereditary calling that is fast dying out.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

THE CASTIGLIONE AND THE CLIFFS OF MONTE SOLARO

The "Castiglione," or castle, on the peak in the middle distance, was one of the strongholds of the English under Colonel Hudson Lowe (afterwards jailer of Napoleon at St. Helena), who allowed the island to be wrested from him by the French in 1808.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

THE GARDEN OF A CAPRI VILLA

Probably in no one spot in the world has Nature been more lavish than on this island at the Mediterranean gateway to Naples. Within its limited space there are some 800 species and 300 varieties of indigenous plants.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

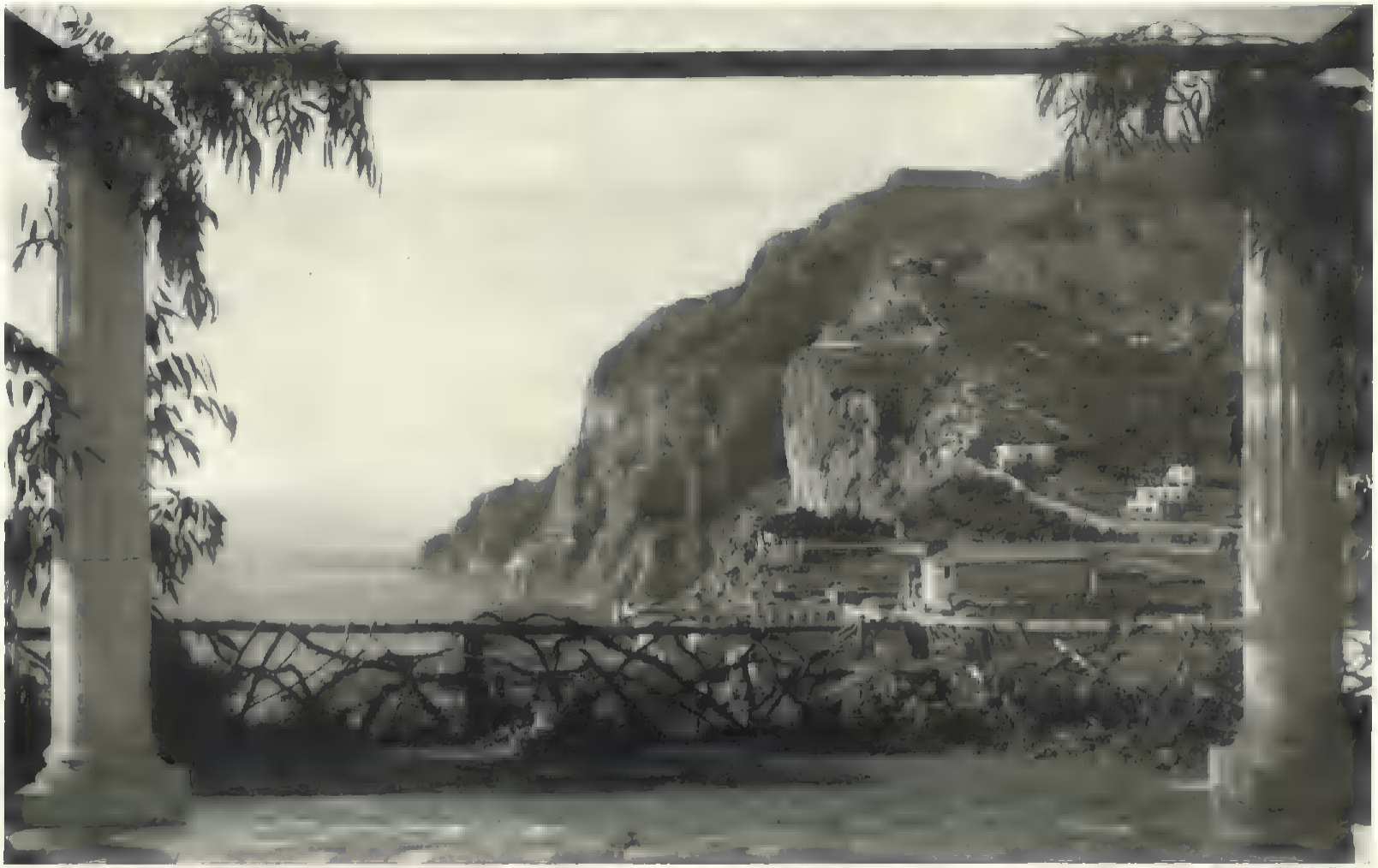
CAPRI FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MONTE SOLARO

Viewed from Naples, Capri is a conspicuous object in the seascape twenty miles to the south (see "The Isle of Capri," by John A. Kingman, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for September, 1919).

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

SIREN HAUNTS

He who would escape the lure of Capri should bandage his eyes rather than follow the practice of the ancient Greeks, who sealed their ears with wax lest they hear the song of the Sirens of this enchanted isle.



Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A CAPRI TERRACE

Overlooking the old Certosa monastery, founded in the fourteenth century. In the background are the Castiglione and the cliffs of Monte Solaro, which rise abruptly from the sea to a height of 900 feet. The mountain itself has an altitude of 1,920 feet.

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

THE FABLED ROCK FROM WHICH THE SIRENS SAW "THE WINGED GALLEY" BEAR ULYSSES SAFELY BY

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A MODERN SIREN OF CAPRI

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A PROCESSION DURING THE FEAST OF SAN COSTANZO, THE PATRON SAINT OF CAPRI

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A VISTA OF SNOW-CAPPED VESUVIUS THROUGH A TRIPTYCH OF STONE PINES

Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

A GARDEN OF PINES ON A CAPRIAN HILL

The stone pines (*Pinus pinea*) are a characteristic feature of the island.

A MEMORIAL TO PEARY

The National Geographic Society Dedicates Monument in Arlington National Cemetery to Discoverer of the North Pole

A HISTORIC ceremony, of especial interest to members of the National Geographic Society, took place at Arlington National Cemetery April 6, 1922, when a memorial erected by the Society at the grave of Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., was unveiled upon the thirteenth anniversary of Peary's discovery of the North Pole.

Not since the Armistice Day funeral of the unknown hero, who is buried at the entrance to its amphitheater, has such a notable assemblage been present at Arlington as that which honored the man who reached the top of the world, goal of intrepid Arctic explorers for many centuries.

This gathering included the President of the United States and Mrs. Harding, William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States; the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes; Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy; Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the Ambassador of France and Mme. Jusserand, and members of the Board of Trustees of the National Geographic Society: Alexander Graham Bell, John Joy Edson, Charles J. Bell, David Fairchild, C. Hart Merriam, O. P. Austin, George R. Putnam, George Shiras, 3d, Col. E. Lester Jones, Grant Squires, Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester, Frederick V. Coville, Rudolph Kauffmann, T. L. Macdonald, S. N. D. North, John Oliver La Gorce, J. Howard Gore, George Otis Smith, O. H. Tittmann, Henry White, and Stephen T. Mather.

In the audience also were members of both houses of Congress, Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of U. S. Marine Corps; Brigadier General David L. Brainard, of the Greely Expedition, who with Lockwood in 1882 won the record of the farthest north, previously held by Great Britain for 300 years; Admiral R. E. Coontz, Rear-Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Rear-Admiral W. A. Moffett, Rear-Admiral W. L. Rodgers, Rear-Admiral T. L. Latimer, Rear-Admiral John S. Carpenter; Rear-Admiral L. E. Gregory, Rear-Admiral M. T. Endicott, and Capt. R. E. Bakenhus, representing the Bureau of Yards and Docks, Peary's own corps in the Navy (formerly the Civil Engineer Corps); Rear-Admiral George W. Baird; a Masonic delegation from Kane Lodge of New York City, and many other government officials, explorers, distinguished representatives of scientific organizations and universities, together with hundreds of prominent citizens of the Nation's Capital and friends of the discoverer of the North Pole who came from distant cities.

Companies of bluejackets, marines, and infantrymen, under the command of Capt. T. S. Brand, of the 64th Infantry, formed a hollow square around the memorial during the exercises.

Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President of the National Geographic Society, presided and made the introductory address. The Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, whose family name was borne by the vessel used by Peary in his Arctic voyage, paid high tribute to the explorer. The Rev. Dr. Charles Wood offered the invocation.

THE EXPLORER'S DAUGHTER UNVEILED THE MONUMENT

Mrs. Edward Stafford, daughter of Rear-Admiral Peary, drew aside the Union Jack which veiled the memorial, as the United States Marine Band played the National Anthem. While the distinguished company stood with bared heads, she slowly hoisted, upon a flagstaff near by, the historic silken Stars and Stripes which her father carried wrapped about his body and unfurled at the North Pole to signify that an American was the first to attain it. She was escorted by her brother, Robert E. Peary, Jr.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary, companion of her husband on several of his Arctic ex-

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AT THE MOMENT OF THE UNVEILING OF THE PEARY MEMORIAL IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, ON APRIL 6, 1922

On the platform from right to left: The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes; William Howard Taft, the Chief Justice of the United States, who was President of the United States when the North Pole was discovered, and upon whose recommendation to Congress the explorer was created a Rear-Admiral; the Ambassador of France and Mme. Jusserand, Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President of the National Geographic Society; the President of the United States and Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Robert E. Peary, Dr. E. W. Nelson, Captain Robert A. Bartlett, Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy, and Rev. Dr. Charles Wood. Partly concealed by the flag (at the right) is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

peditions, was the guest of special honor at the ceremonies.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett, explorer and navigator, companion of Peary upon his triumphant expedition, brushed away tears as speaker after speaker paid tribute to his beloved chief. Another figure of interest was Matt Henson, Peary's faithful aid, the only man beside his leader and four Eskimos who has stood at the apex of the world.

THE ADDRESS OF GILBERT GROSVENOR, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

Dr. Grosvenor, in his introductory address as presiding officer, said:

"On a late summer day in 1891, Peary's ship, the *Kite,* was working its way through the ice-fields off the Greenland coast, seeking an anchorage, when a cake of ice became wedged against the rudder, causing the wheel of the old ship suddenly to reverse and one of the spokes to pin Peary against the casement. Before he could be released both bones in his left leg had snapped.

"What should he do after this distressing accident? Return to Washington, as his companions urged him, and come back to Greenland later, when his badly broken limb had healed? 'No,' said Peary, 'my friends have invested their money in my enterprise and I must make good to them *now.*'

"So the surgeon strapped the leg to a board, and on an improvised stretcher he was carried ashore and deposited on that bleak, desolate land, while by his command the ship and surgeon hurried home lest the entire party should be caught in the ice unprovisioned for the long winter.

"Thus, strapped to a board, Peary began his first campaign in the Arctic.

"Many in this notable gathering have heard Peary declare, as he loved to so often, that 'Mrs. Peary always seemed to foresee whether she could help most by going north with the expedition or by staying behind to speed the auxiliary parties.'

"Fortunately for American history, her intuition had impelled her to accompany her husband on this, his first expedition, in spite of the fact that no white woman had previously wintered with an Arctic party. She nursed him so skillfully that at the Christmas games arranged for the Eskimo he outraced on snowshoes not only all the natives, but also his own men.

"The following spring he ascended to the summit of the great ice-cap which covers the interior of Greenland, 5,000 to 8,000 feet in elevation, and sped northward for 500 miles through a region where the foot of man had never trod before, in temperatures ranging from 10° to 50° below zero. This sledding journey of 1,300 miles round trip, made in less than ten months after his leg was broken, in boldness of conception and brilliancy of results is unsurpassed in Arctic history.

EXTRAORDINARY COURAGE MATCHED BY REMARKABLE INTELLECT

"Peary's extraordinary courage was matched by an equally remarkable intellect. He possessed the resourcefulness and patience in detail of the inventor, the precision of an engineer, the generalship of a great commander. Every campaign was planned with such minute care that though he took hundreds of men north with him, he brought them all back safely, with the exception of two who lost their lives in accidents for which the leader was in no wise responsible.

"It was inevitable that the prize for which all nations had striven for many centuries should be won by such a combination of pluck and brains.

"We are proud to recall that Peary was a member of the National Geographic Society from its organization, in 1888. His first address to The Society, describing a journey of exploration through Nicaragua, was given in that year and published in the first volume of The Society's proceedings. On his return from the north, his first public address was always made before our Society. His last public appearance was on the platform of the National Geographic Society, when he came to the meeting, in spite of his doctor's orders, to present Stefansson in 1919, just returned from six years in the north; his last article was written for The Society's Magazine, and the last photograph of him was taken on the steps of The Society's buildings.

"He was ever an ardent supporter of The Society's ambition to enlist the interest of every man and woman in scientific work and of The Society's earnest

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THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY VOICING THE NATION'S APPRECIATION OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF REAR-ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY

efforts to promote international acquaintance and friendship by making geographic knowledge intelligible and attractive to all persons. No member was more enthusiastic than he, nor pushed harder to increase its numbers, nor took greater happiness in helping it grow to more than 700,000 members.

"When he retired from active exploration he accepted election to The Society's Board of Trustees.

"We may recall in humble pride that The Society, in Peary's kind estimation, did all that it could to advance his work and sustain his efforts. Every honor that The Society could bestow was also his. He was elected one of its six honorary members in 1903; the Hubbard Gold Medal was presented to him on behalf of The Society by President Roosevelt in 1906 for his Farthest North, and in 1909 a Special Gold Medal, four inches in diameter, celebrating the discovery of the North Pole, was struck off in his honor and presented to him.

"I voice the feeling of every member of this great organization when I say to Mrs. Peary that our hearts are filled with inexpressible tenderness and gratitude that the precious privilege of placing this monument at his resting-place has been granted by her to the National Geographic Society, which loved him so well, and which with all the world rejoices that he 'made good at last,' and that an American has become the equal of Hudson, Magellan, and Columbus."

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY'S ADDRESS

The Hon. Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy, spoke as follows:

"The discovery of the North Pole by Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., on April 6, 1909, was a supreme achievement in courage, endurance, and tenacity of purpose. His victory will stand forever as a paramount example of the conquest of spirit over matter.

"When the dispatch, 'Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole,' went flashing through the crisp Labrador air from the wireless station at Indian Harbor, all the civilized nations were thrilled with surprise and interest by the wonderful news; but those who had studied the history of Arctic exploration in the past three hundred years, and had followed Peary in his twenty-three years of brutal hard labor, with cold, hunger, and darkness, blinding snow and dazzling Arctic light, with terrific wind and impassable water and probable death before him, thanked God that the will of this man had proved stronger than the forces of nature.

"For twenty-three years, through discouragement and opposition, and by labor superhuman that would have worn out the courage of most men, he fitted out expedition after expedition, and hurled his money, time, and energy against the almost impregnable fortress of the North. The result was the discovery of Melville and Heilprin Land; and a solution of the long-disputed question whether Greenland was an island; much new knowledge of the Arctic Highlanders was obtained; the greatest meteorites known were found and brought to the United States, and, at last, at the age of 53, he reached the North Pole, the goal for three hundred years of daring dreamers. The discovery of the POLE proved that the spirit of man is indomitable in its struggle with physical obstacles and the price of immortality is pain.

"In the first years of his service in the Navy, Peary had the experience of most Navy men—he was called upon to accomplish what was regarded as the impossible. The young engineer was directed to make plans for a new pier at Key West, Florida, which the contractors said could not be built. Peary was sent to build it. He did build it, and at a saving of $30,000 on the estimated cost.

"Later the department ordered him to Nicaragua as Chief of the Interocean Ship Canal Survey. Here he acquired experience of the utmost value in his future Arctic work—he learned to manage men, gained experience in equipping expeditions, in making camp under adverse conditions, and in traversing wild and unexplored countries. His motto was, 'Find a way or make one'—*'Inveniam viam aut faciam.'*

"Robert Edwin Peary, son of Charles N. and Mary Wiley Peary, was born in Cresson, Pennsylvania, where his parents were living at that time, May 6, 1856.

"He came from an old family of Maine lumbermen. He was of French and Saxon blood and he numbered among his ancestors many seamen, soldiers, and pio-

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THE PEARY MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THE EXPLORER'S DAUGHTER

On one of the several expeditions to the Far North when Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband, Marie Ahnighito Peary, affectionately known to the American public as the Snow Baby (now Mrs. Edward Stafford), was born, within the Arctic Circle and nearer the North Pole than any other white child. Her brother, Robert E. Peary, Jr., stands at her left. All the continents are carved in low relief on the granite globe (see page 646).

neers. The fiery French imagination from one side and Anglo-Saxon firmness from the other were blended in a temperament well suited for his great work.

"On the island, which he owned, Eagle Island in Casco Bay, with its rugged coast, his famous ship *Roosevelt* was planned. It is a great satisfaction to this country to feel that this Arctic expedition, together with the ship, was American. The *Roosevelt* was built of American timber and metal, in an American ship-yard, engineered by an American firm, and constructed on American design. Even the most trivial items of supplies were American, although Captain 'Bob' Bartlett and the crew were Newfoundlanders, our next-door neighbors.

"The ship was built with a knowledge of the requirements of Arctic navigation gained by experience of six former voyages into the frozen North. So the expedition went north in an American-built ship, by the American route, and in command of an American, to win an American trophy.

"Peary tells us, 'I have always been proud that I was born an American, but never so proud as when in that biting, sunlit Arctic day I saw the Stars and Stripes waving at the apex of the earth and told myself that an American had set "Old Glory" there. As I watched it fluttering in the crisp air of the Pole, I thought of the twenty-three years of my own life which had been spent in laboring toward that goal, and realized that at last I had made good; that I could now lay at the feet of my country a trophy which the greatest nations of the world had been struggling to attain for nearly four hundred years.'

"At this time Peary would not like us to forget the splendid aid of the twenty-one brave and patriotic men who composed the personnel of the expedition. Foremost was Captain Robert A. Bartlett, 'Captain Bob,' as he was affectionately

called, whom Peary describes as 'tireless, faithful, and enthusiastic' and 'true as the compass.'

"The question of money to equip and furnish men and food was a serious one, and the Stars and Stripes would not have been nailed to the Pole by an American except for generous aid from the Peary Arctic Club. The President, Morris K. Jessup; the Secretary, Herbert L. Bridgman; General Thomas H. Hubbard, and others contributed large amounts.

"The scientific societies and authorities of the world, without exception or reservation, have recognized the high and authentic value of Peary's work, and few men have received such unanimous acclaim and reward of merit. More than a score of medals have been presented to him by the great geographical and exploring societies of Europe and America.

"It is often said that republics are proverbially ungrateful. This is not true in regard to Peary. The President of the United States, William Howard Taft, and the Secretary of the Navy, with just pride that the honor had come to the United States, requested of Congress that fitting recognition be accorded to Peary for his great achievement.

"Congress, on March 4, 1911, authorized that Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., be placed on the retired list of the Navy with the rank and highest pay of a rear-admiral, dating from April 16, 1909; also giving him the thanks of Congress for his Arctic explorations resulting in the discovery of the North Pole.

"Previously the thanks of Congress had been bestowed only upon those who had won battles on land or sea to the glory of their country.

"So, in this hallowed Westminster Abbey of America; here, surrounded by the noble men of the Navy and Army who gave their lives, but left behind them immortal glory, and who won the never-ceasing gratitude of their country—here we come, like the Egyptians of old, to erect a monument on which to carve a record of Robert Edwin Peary's wonderful deeds of bravery."

TRIBUTE BY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"It is a very real privilege to be permitted to speak here at the Admiral Peary Memorial. To our family Admiral Peary was more than a name and an achievement. He was a personality. Again and again I have heard my father discuss him, and always in terms of high admiration.

"The march of the modern civilization of man has been predicated largely on the impulse for inquiry. From the 7th century B. C., when the Phœnicians sailed, by direction of the Pharaohs, down the coast of Africa; from the time when Hanno, the Carthaginian, skirted the west coast of that continent, down to the voyages and explorations of the present day, man has ceaselessly struggled for knowledge, development, and dominion. Admiral Peary is a great figure in this advance of man.

"Our own country is built by the toil and hardships of the pioneers, who pushed their way ever west through the then trackless wilderness. It is this spirit, transmuted, which forms the basis of our American Government and ideals. Should the steel of our national fiber lose the temper which made such achievements possible, our nation will be on the decline.

"In the nation-builders of all times and countries, there was the ceaseless urge to achievement. Every one of them heard constantly the whisper,

"'Something lost behind the ranges,
Lost and waiting—go.'

From Columbus to Peary, with farseeing eyes, they pressed on their quests. Their triumphs were not triumphs easily obtained, in soft circumstances. From Columbus to Peary they met and overcame, by their character and ability, obstacle piled on obstacle.

"Admiral Peary will stand to the generations of Americans in the future as an incentive to high endeavor. To me, Admiral Peary's life is epitomized in the splendid lines from Tennyson's 'Ulysses':

"'To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'"

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENT

The great globe rests upon a massive base, also made of white granite from the quarries of Maine, the State that Peary loved. Upon one side of the base is the Latin motto, *"Inveniam viam aut faciam"* (I will find a way or make one), which the explorer often quoted and which seems a fitting epitome of his notable career.

© Harris and Ewing

VIEW OF THE PEARY MEMORIAL, LOOKING NORTHWARD TOWARD THE AMPHITHEATER

Under the motto is the inscription:

Erected by the National Geographic Society. Dedicated April 6, 1922, the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and Board of Trustees of the National Geographic Society officiating.

The other sides, respectively, bear the legends:

Robert Edwin Peary, Discoverer of North Pole April 6, 1909.

Rear Admiral U. S. N., Civil Engineer, Explorer, Scientist, 1856-1920.

His Beloved Wife
Josephine Diebitsch, 1863 ——

For many generations to come the unique memorial, designed in accord with suggestions Peary dictated to his wife shortly before his death, will stand as a landmark in the silent city of the nation's hero dead. It consists of an oblate spheroid, representing the earth, with the land masses carved in low relief upon its surface (see page 644). At the point on the massive globe which represents the North Pole is a bronze star.

This star points toward the north, in the direction of Arlington's beautiful memorial amphitheater, only a few hundred yards distant.

CONSTANTINOPLE TODAY

By Solita Solano

BYZANTIUM is dead. New Rome is dead. Constantinople is ill. Soon this one-time Queen City of the East will be replaced by a modern European center of business and commerce, functioning on the most famous cross-roads in the world.

Stamboul—home of Roman emperors, capital of magnificent sultans, scene of fabulous tales which every one has read—is now falling into decay upon its seven hills. Everything has an air of being second-rate and outworn. Acres laid bare by careless fires constitute one-fourth of the city's area, and the remainder is for the most part covered by unpainted, weather-stained houses with rotting window lattices above and small, dirty shops beneath. Mosques and tombs are dusty and neglected.

Yet, in spite of all this, Stamboul retains its magic of a uniquely situated city, and from afar has still a beauty that is incomparable. It is seen at its best in that famous approach from the sea to the Golden Horn, in which is reflected, as in a bright mirror, the city of Constantine, of Justinian and Theodora, of Theodosius and Mohammed II, with an effect so unfamiliarly lovely that it is like an artist's dream in which minarets and great domes seem to float above the mist.

Then, at close range, the picture fades and one becomes suddenly disenchanted, as if a once beautiful woman had dropped her veil and revealed the ravages of time.

MODERNITY HAS LEFT ITS MARK EVERYWHERE

Few places in the world have exercised such a power of attraction for travelers as Constantinople, or have had such widespread reputation for being picturesque.

The severe, classic art of Athens is not found here; nor the dignity of Rome; nor the exciting, sullen spirit that permeates Peking. It is not gay like Paris, nor learned like Berlin. An archeologist would be better pleased with Egypt. But this is the place before which Gautier, Byron, Loti, De Amicis, and Lamartine wept and swooned with delight before they sat down to fill books with ecstatic praises.

Practical modernity has left its mark everywhere, especially since the city's occupation by the Allies, and soon the pictorial appeal that now remains will be gone forever. It will be a clean, decent, civilized city—but no longer Constantinople.

Already there are on all sides the changes due to western influence—trams, electric lights, telephones, unveiled women, and a new, safe bridge. Gone are the brilliantly colored costumes, the groups of faceless women guarded by eunuchs, the pariah street dogs, the Sultan's pompous ceremonies, the harems, the life in the palaces along the Bosporus. And, although the foreign ministers of Great Britain, France, and Italy, at a conference in Paris in March, agreed to restore the Turks to full authority in their capital, it is safe to assume that the magnificent misrule of the Sultans has come to an end.

A CITY OF THREE SEPARATE PARTS

Constantinople's geographical position has made her sanguinary history, for she controls a highroad of commerce between Asia and Europe, and Nature herself planned the ports. The city is divided into three separated quarters. Stamboul and Pera-Galata lie on the European side, the Golden Horn between them, and Scutari squats on the Asiatic side, across the Bosporus. Like outstretched arms, the two straits come up from the Sea of Marmora to the south (see map, p. 650).

Galata and Pera are the European quarter, opposite Stamboul, where the representatives of foreign powers have long maintained their embassies and homes. Once the suburbs of Stamboul, this part of the city was known as Justinianapolis until the Genoese made it into an Italian town and fortified it with walls and many towers, one of which, the Galata Fire Tower, still stands, a lofty lookout station from which fires are reported and signals flashed to ships after dark.

Photograph from Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester

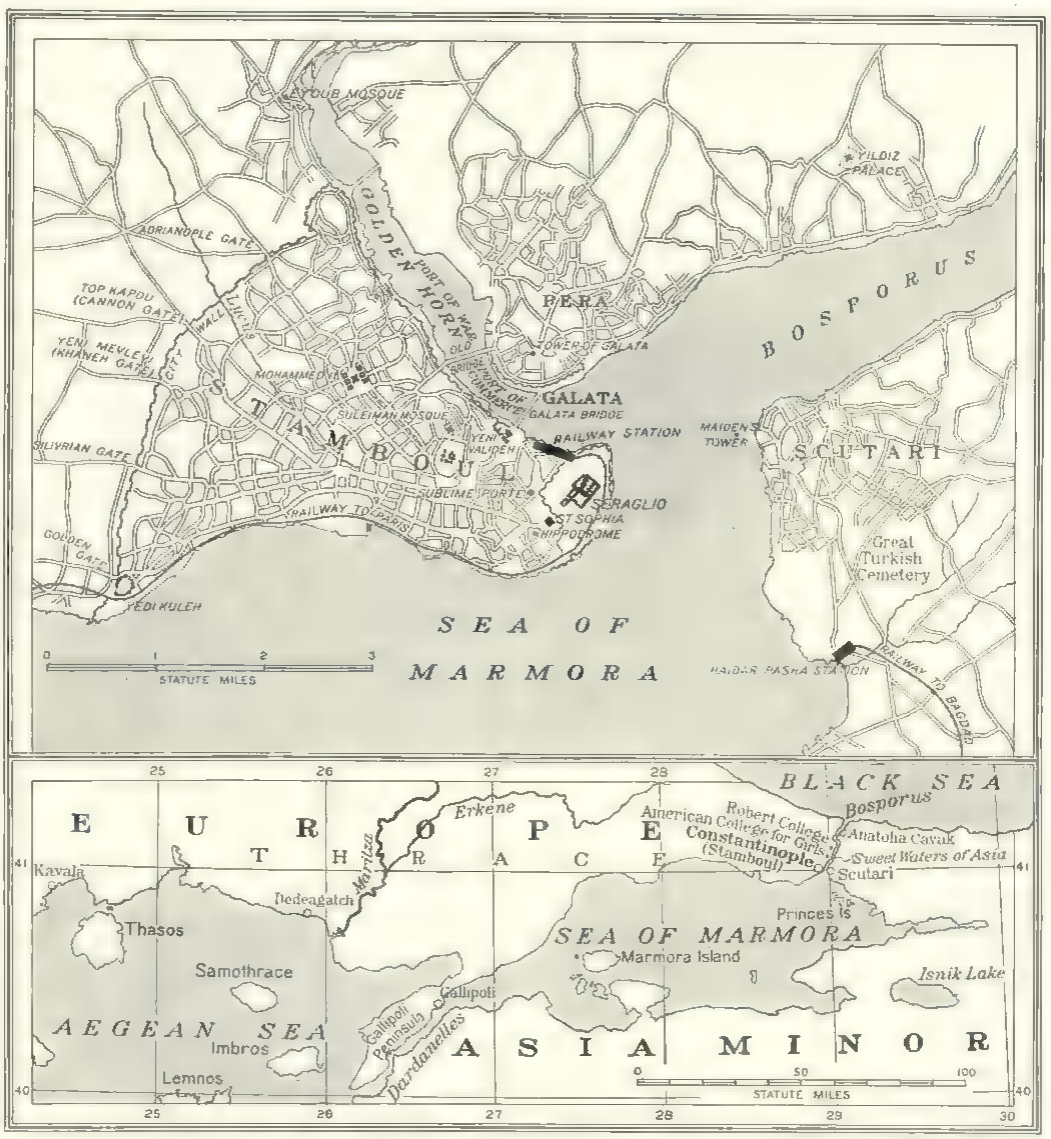
PERA-GALATA FROM THE HEIGHTS OF STAMBOUL

As one looks northeast from some eminence of Stamboul, the native city on the site of Byzantium, one can see the low-lying quarter of Galata and the ridge of Pera, where the leading hotels and embassies are to be found. From the left reach the Petits Champs, fronting which are many of Pera's palaces of democracy and monarchy.

Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE BUSY PORT OF STAMBOUL

The many recent changes in the world map have closed some old trade routes and opened new ones. With the Dardanelles no longer obstructed the vast regions of the Black Sea coasts and Caucasia are being thrown open to trade.



Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Its situation at the cross-roads between the East and the West has caused Constantinople's history to be written in blood. While Great Britain, France, and Italy have decided to restore the Turks to full authority in the city (see page 647) and to the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, provision is made for a broad demilitarized zone and an Allied force is to remain in occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula to safeguard the free and unimpeded entrance to the Straits. The navigation of the Straits is to be placed under the control of an International Commission under a Turkish president.

Nowadays Pera's crooked streets are alive with Allied soldiers, refugees, relief workers, adventurers, peddlers, beggars, and a few tourists. Passports, unless one has business, are difficult to get, and tourists are rarely seen.

The American residents number about four hundred, the largest colony between Rome and Manila. There is but little social life and the only places of amusement are the cafés and restaurants, with their adjoining cabarets and moving-picture screens.

THE GALATA BRIDGE HAS LOST ITS COLOR

While the Galata bridge between the European quarter and Stamboul still lives up to its tradition of having every nation-

ality in the world cross it at least once an hour, it lacks some of its old charm because of the Turkish people's renunciation of color. The men for the most part have adopted the European business suit, with which they wear a red fez, and the women's costumes are usually of black. With this change, the human rainbow that once confused the eye has lost much of its brilliancy.

What the Rialto bridge is to Venice, the Pont Neuf to Paris, the Westminster to London, so is the Galata bridge to Constantinople—the keynote to the city.

A constant stream of polyglot peoples flows across the Golden Horn: Russian refugees, in pajama coats tucked into trousers grown too large; Armenian and Greek merchants and refugees; British, French, and Italian army and navy officers; American sailors; Chinese, Japanese, and Persian merchants; the last of the outmoded eunuchs; dervishes in brown, with cone-shaped hats; Cretans in baggy trousers and embroidered vests; Greek priests with black chiffon veils streaming from their hats; *hamals* (porters) with roomfuls of furniture on their backs; Arabs in yellow burnooses; maimed and diseased beggars; Mohammedan priests in pink or green robes; black troops in red caps and sashes; Jewish guides; American relief workers; Hindustani guards in twisted turbans and scarlet capes; an occasional woman gypsy in baggy trousers; Levantine tradesmen; Albanian peasants in embroidered white leggings; Hawaiians, Filipinos, and a few drummers from "points west of Chicago"—all these pass back and forth in the course of a day.

TURKISH WOMEN EXEMPT FROM FORCE

The taxes were recently doubled on the bridge, and the eight Turkish collectors were ordered to make the Turkish women, previously exempt, pay for the privilege of crossing the Golden Horn. The women, however, indignantly refused, and at both ends of the bridge a constant conflict went on between protesting officials and the women, who slipped by with exclamations of anger.

The collectors did not have the temerity to lay hands on these toll evaders, because Turkish women were for so long a time the exclusive property of their husbands that custom still forbids a man detaining a woman by force in any sort of public argument.

The traditional sacredness that surrounds the person of a Turkish woman had a curious result during the war, for the Turks did not dare to search one of them, even though it was known that she carried unlawful messages in her garments.

BOATS FILLED WITH COMMUTERS

On both sides of the bridge are docks for small steamers that take commuters back and forth between the Golden Horn and Scutari, the fifteen stations of the Bosporus, and the Princes Islands. At rush hours these efficiently operated boats are as packed as a New York ferry.

Many of the commuters are the prosperous Greeks and Turks, who maintain summer homes for their families on the Princes Islands, an hour or more away.

Passengers bound for Scutari are chiefly the poorer class of Turks and wealthy Armenian business men.

The Bosporus boats carry the largest crowds morning and evening because of the popularity of the beautiful villa section on the Straits.

On these boats are Turkish bankers, British tobacco merchants, English governesses, and French officers, the latter availing themselves of the bench marked "For the use of the officers of the Allies." And even if there are no officers aboard, a civilian is not permitted to occupy this bench.

All Constantinople is now safe for foreigners except, perhaps, certain parts of Scutari, against which European women are warned at night.

If anything of the real Turkey is to be seen, Pera must be abandoned for Stamboul. In this ancient city, which was Byzantium and New Rome, the mosques, coffee-houses, *turbehs* (domed tombs), and fountains remind one, even in their dilapidation, of the city's past days of greatness.

Although the houses are nearly all constructed of wood, they are never painted, for the Turks have a theory that if their property looks prosperous their taxes will be increased. So the window lattices crumble and fall, the boards sag, the shingles warp, and nothing is repaired.

Photograph from Solita Solano

THE BOBBING BOATS OF THE GOLDEN HORN

The waters around Constantinople teem with boats, and Venice with its gondolas has no livelier waterfront than Stamboul. Across the Golden Horn rises the Galata Tower, from which the tourist can obtain a wonderful view of the City of the Sultans. It is now used as a fire lookout.

Photograph from Solita Solano

LOOKING DOWN THE GOLDEN HORN FROM THE TURKISH CEMETERY OF EYOUB

Near where the Golden Horn curves back upon itself toward the left and shrinks away into the Sweet Waters of Europe, on a cypress-shaded slope high above the water's edge, there is the quiet Turkish Cemetery of Eyoub, whence one can look down the Golden Horn, with Stamboul on the right and the heights of Pera opposite, past the Port of War and the old bridge to the Port of Commerce, its farther limits marked by the new bridge of Galata, and so to the place where the Bosporus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora unite beneath the historic walls of the Old Seraglio.

© Newman, from Publishers' Photo Service

WHERE COMMERCE CLEAVES THE WATER AND RELIGION SPEARS THE SKY

From the Golden Horn, Stamboul is never twice the same. Noonday and sunset paint with varying touches the tinted mass of buildings whose irregular outline shows against the springtime blue or the flaming evening sky. And always, scudding before the wind, panting forward with propeller, paddle-wheel, or oar, or slowly drifting in the tide, the boating of the city moves in devious ways.

The population is inactive and looks discouraged. Men sit in cafés and talk about the hard times. Old graybeards sit on the sidewalks and smoke nargilehs. The letter-writer has a stand near the centrally located mosques, and still makes an excellent living from the Turks, few of whom can read or write.

A group of dervishes, who, like the city, have declined in picturesqueness, pass slowly up the streets. *Hamals*, the native expressmen, stagger along, crying, "Make way!" As in the old days, *kabobjees* slice off strips of roasting meat to tempt the appetites of the passersby.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES ARE EVERYWHERE

As in Pera, Russian refugees are everywhere, selling flowers, kewpie dolls, oil paintings of Constantinople, cakes and trinkets, books and newspapers printed in Russian. They sleep in the open streets and on the steps of the mosques. They loaf, beg, work when they can find a job, and sometimes sob with hunger.

A few Russians have been lucky enough to find positions in restaurants as waitresses or coatboys. A princess may bring the patron's coffee and a general hand him his stick. Professors, ex-millionaires, women of high birth, beseech one to buy cigarettes or paper flowers. A small colony in Pera has taken possession of an embankment and hung up two blankets to make it seem homelike.

The most important changes that have taken place in Constantinople in the past five years are the refugee situation, the emancipation of women from the worst of their slavery, the devastating fires, and the influx of American goods and business.

The refugee situation is heartbreaking, but has been greatly ameliorated by the activities of the American Red Cross and the Near East Relief.

The Red Cross has established 147 institutions, given a dinner a day to thousands, clothed ten thousand men and unnumbered women and children, and equipped a hospital and training school for nurses.

The Near East Relief has opened two hospitals and fifty children's clinics, supplied visiting nurses and work for hundreds of refugee women, established five Armenian, six Greek, and many Russian camps, and placed 56,000 children in orphanages and tuberculosis hospitals. Besides, this organization has sent enormous food supplies to devastated areas.

Refugees have poured into Constantinople in veritable rivers of humanity. Populations of entire villages—Greeks, Armenians, Russians, Jews, Turks, Georgians, Azerbaijans—have reached the city penniless, there to live in open streets, in camps, on the ruined walls, in huts made of boxes, in discarded army tents.

Their numbers are appalling. For instance, 158,000 Russians alone came to Constantinople up to October, 1920. Most of them came down with Wrangel's army from the Crimea, packed so tightly in small boats that some of them died and others were born, in an upright position. All but 45,000 of these have been sent away into Rumania and Bulgaria, where there may be food for them. Those remaining have lived as they could.

One enterprising young refugee put electric lights in the Basilica Cistern, to the left of Sancta Sophia, and now charges half a Turkish pound to row visitors once around the beautiful dim spaces. This cistern was built by Constantine the Great and contains 336 pillars.

Dwellers in the houses above have made holes in the flooring, through which they let down pails on a cord and use the cistern water for purposes which may be, despite appearances, cleansing.

GENERAL WRANGEL LIVED ON A YACHT

Following their escape from the Bolsheviks in the Crimea, General and Baroness Wrangel lived on a yacht, belonging to the former Russian embassy, which was anchored in the Sea of Marmora. A short time ago the yacht was mysteriously sunk, but the General and his family escaped injury. The remainder of the General's army camped for a time on the shores of the Dardanelles. Many of the men were highly trained engineers, professors, students, lawyers, and doctors. General Wrangel arranged to have these men placed in Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia, either in private life or as frontier guards, with the hope that some day they would be able to return to Russia to serve as the nucleus of a new intelligentsia.

THE "ROMANTIC" NEAR EAST IS DEALT A DEATH BLOW

The freeing of the Moslem woman from the most binding of her fetters came with such rapidity that most of the world has not yet heard about it. The visitor to Constantinople who expects to see romantically veiled women coquetting from beneath perfumed chiffon is likely to be disillusioned about twenty feet from the pier, when he catches his first sight of feminine Turkey in the person of a street-sweeper in ragged black trousers and a dusty coat.

This is about the only civic job open to women as yet, although they are employed in banks and offices. Curiously, there are no stenographers, for Turkish is in itself a sort of shorthand and easily written. The Europeans employ Greek women as stenographers and typists.

Only a few old-fashioned women, mostly in Stamboul, now wear the veil part of their national headdress over their faces. Yet even with the comparative freedom they now enjoy, and the disappearance, for economic reasons, of the harems, there are curious survivals of old customs.

One is the law forbidding Turkish men and women to appear together at a public place of entertainment, be they husband and wife, brother and sister, or mother and son. A woman may go to the "movies" with another woman and sit in a section reserved for women only.

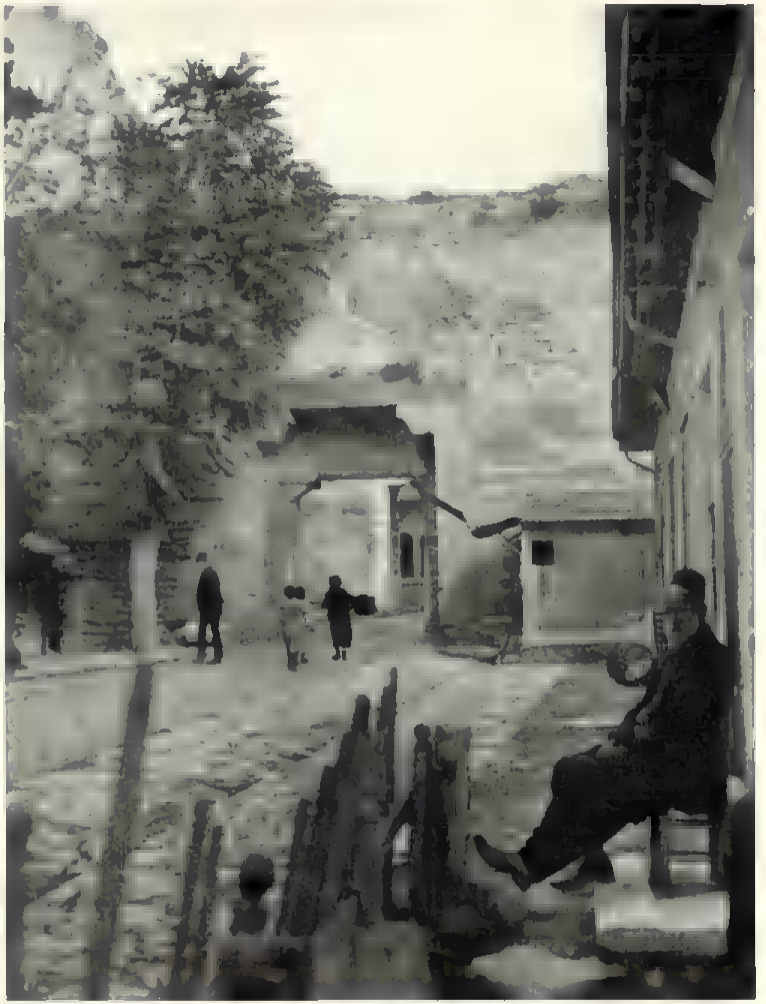
I asked the manager of the cinema near the remains of the old Petits Champs Cemetery if many Turkish women came to his theater.

"No, and I don't want any of them here," he replied. "If they come alone they are stared at, and if they come with a man some one calls the police."

But the new Magic Theater bought a special dispensation, and this is the only theater where a Turk may bring his wife.

THE FAMOUS GOLDEN GATE THROUGH WHICH IT IS PROPHESIED A CHRISTIAN CONQUEROR WILL ONE DAY ENTER THE CITY

The ram in the doorway is devoted to the keeper of the Castle of the Seven Towers (Yedi Kuleh) and accompanies him when he shows visitors the prison in the tower above, where formerly political prisoners were decapitated and foreign ambassadors detained.



Photographs by Solita Solano

THE ADRIANOPLE GATE, THROUGH WHICH MOHAMMED II ENTERED THE CONQUERED CITY OF CONSTANTINE.

Each succeeding sultan has entered Constantinople through this gate in the Valley of the Lycus, on his way to the palace after the ceremony of being girded with the sword of Osman at Eyoub Mosque (see map, page 650).

Photograph by Fehr Fisher

AN EXPONENT OF ABSTINENCE IN THE MOSLEM CAPITAL

Thanks to the prohibition dictum of the Prophet, orthodox Turks fraternize over thick, syrupy coffee instead of over the fiery glass of arrack. Itinerant water-venders pass through the streets with brass vessels and clinking glasses, dispensing drinks.

Photograph from Solita Solano

IN THE HUNGRY EAST, BEGGING IS AN HEREDITARY PROFESSION

The beggar of the Orient is a professor of humanities. Grandson follows grandfather in the ceaseless struggle for bread, and in the training he becomes a student of human nature and a marvel of persistence.

RELIGIOUS FRENZY MADE A TOURIST SHOW

The whirling dervishes of Constantinople, like the howling dervishes of Egypt, have long been among the prominent tourist attractions. The novice must serve the order at menial labor for 1,001 days, and if he fails one day during that time he must start all over again.

Photographs from Solita Solano

CLEANLINESS BEFORE GODLINESS

At the hour of prayer the mosque yards are crowded with worshippers washing their hands, arms, nostrils, and ears according to a strict ritual. Many mosques have shallow basins for these ceremonial ablutions, but at the Yeni Valideh Djami there are brass faucets with running water.

VOLUNTEER FIREMEN OF CONSTANTINOPLE

They help to put out the blaze, but they also fill their pockets with any small objects that take their fancy, and bargain first with the inmates of the house while the fire is gaining force (see text, page 661).

Photographs from Solita Solano

WHERE CEREMONIAL WINE WAS DISPLACED BY CEREMONIAL WATER

The Yeni Valideh Djami in Galata occupies the site of a church to St. Francis, in which the use and trading in wine so offended the abstemious Moslems that they burned down the edifice. The present structure was erected in 1697 by a Cretan lady who was the Sultana of Mohammed IV.

Photograph from Solita Solano

THE NEW GALATA BRIDGE ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN

Long famous for the colorful crowds which pass between Galata and Stamboul, the new bridge is a great center of interest. Street-cars pass to and fro, and the small steamers which connect the city with the suburban villages tie up along its flanks. In the blaze of war the rainbow tints so common here were dissolved, and Galata bridge has become almost prosaic in its hurried busyness.

Until recently a man and woman did not walk together in the street, and up to six years ago there was a law forbidding them to drive in the same carriage. And if a husband and wife met in the streets, it was contrary to custom to acknowledge the acquaintance.

Now a woman may walk with a man of her own faith, but not with a non-Moslem, although she may receive him in her own home.

The street-cars have a special compartment in front reserved for Turkish women, and if a woman of the old school boards the car, the conductor hastens to draw moldy red curtains to protect her from male eyes and insure her privacy while she lifts her veil, rolls a cigarette, and borrows a light from another woman.

COLLEGES NOW OPEN TO WOMEN

With the passing of harem traditions, women have advanced from childlike ignorance to an intelligence that has astonished every one who knows of the conditions under which they have lived for hundreds of years. Colleges are now opened to them, and the men's medical school has announced its readiness to instruct girls. But outside Constantinople no such progress has been made. Many women still veil in the street and fear every man.

FIRES HAVE LEFT THEIR TERRIBLE SCARS

The devastating fires that have ever been working toward the destruction of Constantinople caused the city to be built anew every fifty years, until a law was passed prohibiting the construction of wooden houses on the site of burned ones; in fact, it was provided that no houses at all should be built until the city government planned new streets.

Nothing has been done about the planning, however, and the result is that one-fourth of Stamboul—more than 22,000 houses, burned during the past twelve years—still lies in ashes. Scutari, too, has vast ruined sections. So has Pera, on a much smaller scale.

When a fire starts in Stamboul it nearly always assumes frightful proportions. In the fire of 1908, 1,500 buildings were destroyed; in that of 1911, 2,463 houses; the following day an entire Jewish quar-

ter burned; in 1912 an immense area between Sancta Sophia and the Marmora was consumed. The fire of June, 1918, burned 8,000 buildings, clearing a space from the Golden Horn through the center of the city. These fires are enormously destructive because of the narrow streets, wooden houses, and volunteer firemen who go to answer the call on foot, carrying a pump on their shoulders.

FIGHTING FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The firemen of Constantinople are worth a story in themselves. Unpaid for their services, they reason like this:

"If we don't go to this fire, the owner will lose all his belongings. If we go and take some of them home with us and leave some to him, is he not better off than if we hadn't come at all? We give our services free of charge; the owner must give us bakshish if he wants us to risk our lives for him.

"We get to the fire as quickly as we can run, and if the owner does not consent to give us money at once, so we can get to work, the fire will gain headway; that is not our fault, but his."

It was a cause for grief and accusations of injustice when the British installed their own fire system in Pera. By the time the Turks come panting down the street to bargain, the British have the fire out and are driving away.

Photograph from Solita Solano

WHERE A PORTER EARNS HIS NAME

The *hamal* is said by the Arabs to be the human camel. Not only do the names sound alike, but each, if a heavy load is to be carried, must be loaded by other workers, and each, once loaded, can carry his burden for incredible distances. One of these human express-wagons, if asked to carry a much smaller burden in his hands or under his arm, will shrink from the effort.

MOST EXPENSIVE CITY IN THE WORLD

The publisher of *The Orient*, the only American newspaper in Stamboul, says that the fires have caused the housing situation to become acute and the rents to mount enormously. In fact, it costs more to live in Constantinople today than in any other city in the world, not excepting New York. The city is especially crowded now with refugees and foreigners, who add 30 per cent to the population, which, according to estimated figures, now totals 2,250,000.

This overcrowded condition will grow worse until some one starts to rebuild the ruined areas. As Stamboul has stood since 300 B. C., it would be a crime against science to rebuild without scientific supervision of the digging and a systematic exploration of the site by archeologists.

The fourth important change affecting the city is the influx of American goods,

Photograph from Edwin A. Grosvenor

WHERE IRON BARS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE CHARM OF WOMANKIND

The Turk is not lavish of paint, for under Moslem rule to be reputed rich is not always a blessing. By protecting the surface the owner is not sure to protect all (see text, page 651). But shameless as he is about the appearance of his house, in the old days he jealously guarded his womenfolk, upon whose actions he esteemed an iron grating better bar than many a precept spoken to listless ears. Note the bird on the nest under the bay window.

© Newman, from Publishers' Photo Service

A FRUIT-VENDER OF STAMBOUL

Pera has its smart shops, where choice vegetables and fruits can be bought by the one-price system; but in Stamboul, in the open-air markets, bargaining is the rule, where a smile counts for many a para and where patience is better than bluster.

caused by lack of food and other supplies in this part of the Levant.

Before the war, American sewing-machines and petroleum were practically the only importations. Other goods were little known, and the first American cargo vessel steamed into the harbor in 1919. Now all kinds of flour, canned milk, fruits, cloth, hardware, and shoes from the United States are bought and admired by Turks and Europeans, too.

WHEN AMERICA CAME TO TURKEY

The history of American activities in Turkey is brief and was foreshadowed by the American missionaries, who worked their way eastward from their first base, Malta, to Smyrna, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Beirut. About 1819 they also went to Constantinople and through Asia Minor as far as Persia.

In the '60's the foundations were laid for Robert College and the Syrian Protestant College. These institutions (with the American College for Girls, founded in 1871) are the greatest monuments of American philanthropy in the Near East. The Stars and Stripes were first seen in the waters of Constantinople in 1800, when the Bey of Algiers forced Captain Bainbridge to sail there in his frigate, the *George Washington*, bearing presents and messages to the Sultan. Today the American Trade Commission, the Standard Oil, the American Trade Corporation, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the U. S. Shipping Board, the American Hospital, the Sailors' Club, the Y. M. C. A., the American Bible Society, and many business firms are established here, and America is greatly beloved and respected for her works of charity.

THE WALLS OF BYZANTIUM STILL STAND

The walls that inclosed Byzantium and saved civilization for a thousand years are still standing, and constitute, with the exception of Sancta Sophia, the most interesting historical monument in Turkey.

The impression produced by these battered and lonely ruins is ineradicable. The lines of walls and towers still stretch

MOHAMMEDANISM'S LARGEST GATEWAY TO PARADISE

The Buyuk Mezaristan, in Scutari, is said to be the largest Moslem cemetery. From Stamboul one can plainly see the forest of dark cypress trees that marks the spot. These, "the only constant mourners of the dead," have long been a distinguishing feature of Turkish cemeteries, where a new tree is supposed to be planted for each new tomb.

Photographs by Solita Solano

A PASTURE GROUND AMONG THE DEAD

Sacred as is a Turkish cemetery, the Moslems do not feel that a burial ground is solely for the benefit of the dead. The cemetery has long been the woman's club, as the coffee-house has been the man's, and here in Scutari some thrifty herdsmen graze their oxen among the gaily painted tombs, well knowing that they will be safe till evening time.

Photograph by Carrie E. Mills

THE MISSOURI MULE IN AN UNFAMILIAR SETTING

American relief agents, while alleviating the suffering in the Caucasus, are doing much to make Detroit and Missouri famous. From Constantinople these animals are shipped to various Black Sea ports, from which they carry American milk to the orphaned children of Asia Minor.

THE CRUMBLING WALLS OF YEDI KULEH, STAMBOUL

The seven towers of this old fortress once confined the ministers of all such states as might be waging war against the Turk. Mohammed II erected a new structure on the foundations of an old Byzantine citadel, not far from the place where the land wall joins the sea wall beside the Sea of Marmora.

Photograph by Solita Solano

THIS OBELISK MARKED THE CENTER OF THE HIPPODROME

The historic monolith, erected more than 1,500 years ago, is of rose granite, 61 feet high, and came from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, Egypt, placed there by Thothmes III twenty centuries before the Christian era. Greek and Latin inscriptions say the 199-ton stone was raised on the Hippodrome in 32 days. In the lower right corner of the picture is seen the headless Serpent's Column, an offering of Greek devotion to Apollo after the Battle of Platæa, when the Persian hordes had been forever hurled from Europe. Three serpents, twisted around each other and standing on their tails, compose the column, now but 18 feet 9 inches high. In the background rises Sancta Sophia.

Photograph from Solita Solano

THE CASTLE OF EUROPE AND THE COLLEGE OF AMERICA

Here, where the Bosporus narrows to its closest confines and the shore of Europe comes nearest to Asia, Mohammed II, a young man of 23, with whip and presents forced the erection of a mighty fortress in five months. Surrounding buildings furnished the materials for towering walls which formed the monogram of the Prophet and his namesake. Today Rumeli Hissar is famous as the home of Robert College (see map, page 650), one of the most influential of American colleges abroad.

Photograph from Solita Solano

"WHILE YOU WAIT" IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The Turk has his slippers, with their heels turned in, repaired while he waits. He slips into and out of them a hundred times a day, and, having but one pair, he sits and chats with the cobbler until the needed patch is added.

Photograph by Edgar J. Fisher

PRINCIPAL SQUARE OF ANATOLIA CAVAK, ON THE ASIATIC SIDE OF THE BOSPORUS

This is the village to which St. John Chrysostom was banished after he preached against the luxury and vice of the Constantinople court under the Empress Eudoxia. He was called back by the people, but still continued his sermons; so was again exiled.

A MAN-MADE FASHION SPURNED BY THE NEW WOMAN

Thinner and thinner grew the Turkish veil, until now a large number of Turkish women go unveiled entirely. Religion may attempt to restrain and the conservative elements deplore the change, but the new woman bravely bares her face, with the added advantage that she has a veil handy in case she desires seclusion from inquiring eyes.

Photographs from Solita Solano

A LIVING BILLBOARD OF ILLITERACY, THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER

In Turkey elementary education is nominally obligatory and five middle-class schools for girls have been opened in the last four years; but only one in twenty-four of the population yet attends school and illiteracy is so prevalent that even the apparently well-to-do have no hesitancy in advertising their inability to write a simple business letter.

Photograph from Solita Solano

THE INTERIOR OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MOSQUE

Into the splendor of Justinian's church the Janissaries poured, seeking for treasure; and there, beneath the costly mosaic of the Cross, the Christian women were distributed among the mercenary soldiers of the Turk. At noon Mohammed the Conqueror came and sent up thanks to Allah for his victory. So, on the 29th of May, in 1453, the Church of Sancta Sophia became a mosque.

out as far as the eye can see, rising and falling, tinted from dark brown to ocher and gray, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with vegetation. They are barbaric, threatening, mournful.

Modern Constantinople is forgotten as one tries to imagine what these barriers seemed like to the hoards of barbarians who came every few years, looked at those miles of moated and turreted walls, and then turned back.

Now gypsies and refugees live here and there in the ruins that extend for five miles across the isthmus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They rob the gardens which are cultivated in the old moats, and watch with astonishment the occasional airplane that buzzes high over the walls of Theodosius II.

Seen from the air, the walls look like a long saffron cord, knotted and laid along the green countryside. Near Top Kapou, or Cannon Gate, where Mohammed the Conqueror battered an opening, Turkish boys from ten to sixteen years old practice every day to become volunteer firemen, stopping whenever a carriage passes to beg for coppers.

Photograph by W. P. Whitlock

SMILING FOR ALMS OUTSIDE THE MOSQUE OF SANCTA SOPHIA

That there is a close relation between religion and charity is well recognized by the beggars of the world. Inside the imposing cathedrals of Russia, scores of mite-boxes silently solicit funds. The approach to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is so lined with importunate beggars that some one has called it "The Street of Palms." Beside the lowliest of Hindu shrines some mendicant is likely to be seen. Beneath the Cross charity flourishes, and in the shadow of the minarets the poor find bread.

A MYSTERIOUS RUG INDUSTRY

At Yedi Kuleh, where the land walls begin, a mysterious sort of rug industry goes on between the four towers that remain of the original seven. Hundreds of rugs of all makes, shades, and sizes are piled up, treated with paint, and then spread to fade in the sun. Questions concerning the nature of the work are not answered and frowns follow the unwelcome visitors, as they move away to look at the Golden Gate or mount into the tower which was the Turkish Bastille, where political prisoners were decapitated or strangled.

Beyond the walls, about a mile from the Adrianople Gate, through which Mohammed entered the city, is a large Turkish cemetery, where once the Turks waited for the signal to storm the breaches in the great walls.

When life was less troubled in Constantinople, the cemeteries were used as pleasure grounds for picnickers, as they are especially attractive places. Cypress trees planted beside the graves make graceful forests that spread over uncounted acres, where millions that have died since Mohammed lie sleeping.

Some of the newer tombstones are as gay as birthday cakes, with their painted

Photograph by Solita Solano

A GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER

A feature of life in Constantinople is the gypsy fortune-teller from Arabia, who walks under the windows all day, crying, "I read your future in your hands." Many gypsies live in the ruins of the old walls, winter and summer. The cloth of which this woman's baggy trousers are made came from America.

flowers and vines and gilded railings. The older ones are gray, and their inscriptions are almost defaced by the rains of centuries. Many graves are so old that the stones have fallen and the earth has crumbled in upon forgotten bones, now laid open to view.

Women drive here from the country in gaily painted wagons with curtains which they need no longer draw. They bring their children and wilted chrysanthemums; then sit idly, without needle or book, staring into space, or else patronize the letter-writer or fruit-venders, who lie in wait for their custom. Beggars lounge in the sun. Near by a stone-cutter chisels a fez on a new tombstone.

In the Scutari cemetery, the largest burial place in the East, a Turk followed me about while I photographed his cows, which he had shut up for safekeeping in a private burial plot (see p. 664).

He said he had been waiting for some time to have the movements of the earth and sun explained to him. He could not understand why it was said to be night in America when it was day in Turkey. I explained, but, as I was leaving, he said: "Yes, that's what they say; but all the same I don't believe it is night in America at this moment."

SANCTA SOPHIA IS CAREFULLY GUARDED

Sancta Sophia, standing on the first of Constantinople's seven hills, now has soldiers' barracks at one side and guards everywhere. The Turks greatly fear that through the Greeks harm may come to their favorite mosque and have ordered that no person of Hellenic blood be permitted to pass the portals. Passports from all except Mohammedans are demanded at the gate, and the galleries are opened only by special order from the police.

From early morning until evening the mosque is visited by Allied soldiers, who have heard all their lives of this "terrestrial paradise, the second firmament, the car of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, the marvel of the earth, and the largest temple in the world after St. Peter's," that Justinian built in less than six years.

American sailors, English "Tommies," Italian and French officers and soldiers wander about, caps off, watching the Turks pray for the safety of their city. They gaze in wonder at the vast vault suspended over their heads, at the half domes, the 107 marble columns, the hundreds of windows, immense galleries,

partly obliterated cherubim, bold arches, and princely porticoes.

A guide whispers to them of the dramatic events that passed in barbaric pageant before the jeweled altar of the Byzantines, now shrunk to a mean black stone that points the Mussulman to Mecca. They crane their shaven necks to stare at the stone coffin over the door that contains the dust of great Theodora; at the mark on a pillar said to have been made by the hand of Mohammed; and at the place where the Conqueror's horse planted his hoof.

NEGLECTED BUT STILL BEAUTIFUL

Sancta Sophia is getting shabbier every day. The Turks have no money to keep up their public buildings and mosques. The walls are sagging again in many places and need the attentions of an architect. The gold leaf has crumpled and fallen from the dome. Ugly electric light bulbs have replaced the thousands of wicks that once burned softly at the feast of Ramazan. Yet, neglected as Sancta Sophia is, nothing can equal its beauty or destroy its grandeur.

In olden times Byzantium was called the "dwelling of the gods," because of the number of temples and shrines in the city. These were converted into churches by Constantine, and into mosques by the Turks, who built many new ones, all imitating the basilica of Justinian.

The steps of some of the mosques are the only homes many refugees know, especially the broad entrance of Yeni Valideh Djami, near the Galata bridge, where at least a hundred hungry men live. Between services they may go inside and admire the rose marble column which cost the conqueror of Candia his life, but when the muezzin calls out the hour for prayer all unbelievers are hurried outside.

THE HIPPODROME, CENTER OF BYZANTINE LIFE

Within a block of Sancta Sophia is a large dusty square, the Hippodrome, the center of Byzantine life of the Middle Ages, which played the same part in the lives of the people as the Acropolis at Athens, the Forum at Rome, and the Temple at Delphi. Three times its present size, it was then the largest building in the empire, and was used for chariot races, gladiatorial contests, triumphal processions, and as a place of execution.

Photograph by Solita Solano

WOMEN NOW SWEEP CONSTANTINOPLE'S STREETS AS A SIGN OF THEIR EMANCIPATION

The brooms used are made of twigs. When the conservative religious element complained at the city's employment of women in this capacity, the reply was, "They are not women while they wear trousers, but men." So they kept their jobs.

What a spectacle that crowd must have been when, adorned with jewels, it moved through the porticoes of the Hippodrome to cheer the Blues or the Greens, those rival charioteers whose politics upset the entire empire! Hither came the spoils of war, including thousands of statues from Greece and Rome, the bronze horses that

Photograph from Solita Solano

A FOUNTAIN BEARING THE MONOGRAMS OF WILLIAM II AND ABDUL HAMID

In the ancient Hippodrome, where the obelisk of Theodosius and the serpent of Delphi reveal Constantinople's contact with the culture of the ancient world; in the very shadow of Justinian's church, made a mosque by Mohammed II, there is this fountain, which the ex-Kaiser gave to Abdul Hamid II and in which the monograms of the two friends appear together.

are now in Venice over the portals of St. Mark's, and images of gods, heroes, and empresses.

Now all but three of the monuments are gone from this shrunken space—the Obelisk of Theodosius, the brass Serpent's Column, and the Built Column. A religious class of *hafizes*, boys of ten and old men of seventy, walk along without a glance at two of the most interesting human monuments in the world (see p. 666).

Crossing the Hippodrome is a band of boy students in long coats. Fruit-venders stand motionless. There is nothing so devoid of life as a Turkish gathering place. Even the children are as inactive as tortoises, and do not know how to play with hoops, balls, or tops. Here and there a child is digging out mud from between the cobblestones, scarcely moving when a motor filled with Allied officers rushes past.

Nothing happens for perhaps ten minutes. Then some European women drive slowly by, almost colliding with a small motor car of relief workers that has just turned the corner. A landau from the Persian embassy passes. (The front of the embassy was painted recently in honor of the visit of the heir apparent.) Its occupant is dozing. A cart full of refugees, seeking a shelter, jolts along, loaded with children and bundles.

Later in the afternoon there are several arrivals at the square. A Red Cross nurse points out to a newly arrived friend the fountain which Emperor William gave to the Sultan fifteen years ago.

A Turk with bolts of cloth over his shoulder tries to sell suiting to every man he encounters. Donkeys come in sight, carrying vegetables. A water-seller, with a brass samovar on his back and a girdle of glasses about his waist, is followed by some boys, who try to emulate him by carrying porous water-jugs and one dirty cup. Some Russians stand disconsolate, with trays of cakes, dusty from their all-day exposure.

To enter the gates of the old Seraglio behind Sancta Sophia is to court disap-

COOKING AND WASHING IN A REFUGEE CAMP IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Photographs from Solita Solano

ARMENIAN REFUGEES IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The Russians have no monopoly on the pathetic practice of refugeeing. The City of the Sultans has its thousands of Armenians who have flocked in from the stricken highlands of Cilicia and Van. They were among the most tragic sufferers in the World War, for their homeland was a battleground for contending forces.

Photograph from Solita Solano

FLOTSAM OF THE RED REVOLUTION: A RUSSIAN REFUGEE

One of the soldiers from Wrangel's army in Constantinople. Many of them were encamped for ten months on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Photograph by Solita Solano

RUSSIAN REFUGEES SELLING CAKES

Hundreds of them walk the streets of Constantinople from daybreak to midnight and then sleep on the steps of the mosques or in the open.

© E. M. Newman

SHOEMAKERS IN THE STREETS OF STAMBOUL

that seemed like children's boats floating on the Bosporus.

Then we turned our backs on the view to walk about the decaying buildings and gardens that once saw a court life whose magnificence has scarcely been equalled by any other country in the world. The gardens lay deserted in the sunlight, except for two old eunuchs who walked across the grounds toward the still beautiful Bagdad Kiosk.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S BAZAARS

The bazaars have always been a feature of the life that lies between Turkey and India, and modernity has not changed them. Pera has one which occupies the middle of Step Street, leading up from Galata. Last year the Russians took the last of their trinkets here and sold them for food.

A still larger street bazaar in Stamboul is known as the Manchester Market, because practically all the cotton goods sold to the crowds of women and girls come from Manchester, England. According to a leading English merchant of Pera, nearly $5,000,000 change hands here every day.

The most famous bazaars, however, were built by Sultan Bayazid II between the second and third hills of Stamboul and cover several acres of ground. There are 4,000 shops and a hundred entrances in the great stone building. It may look like a fortress from without, but once inside it becomes a noisy, multicolored labyrinth of streets, columns, squares, and fountains, under an arched roof.

Here, amid a babel of all languages, rich merchants and ragged refugees alike are solicited to buy soft rugs from Bokhara, gay Brusa silks, blazing jewels of odd cut, shawls from Persia, yellow and black amber, intoxicating perfumes, coffee-cups of beaten gold, pearls like milk and roses, sewing-machines, egg-beaters, granite pans, and old Turkish costumes, which the shopkeeper tries to sell as kimonos.

Few buyers are in the bazaars these days, for the time has passed when a pasha could afford to send his whole harem shopping under the eye and whip of the head eunuch. The bazaars have come upon hard times. The American tourist is barred because of the war between Turkey and Greece, and the soldiers and refugees turn out their pockets and laugh when they are exhorted to buy.

The white marble palaces which line the Bosporus are no longer used by sultans, pashas, and beys. They are in a sad state of dilapidation, and some of them are occupied by French and Hindustani troops, or by Allied officials.

The Sultan lives in seclusion at Yildiz Palace. In pathetic contrast with the splendor and pomp that used to attend his weekly visit to some city mosque is the shabby parade that now marks his drive to prayers each week at Yildiz mosque, perhaps two hundred feet from his palace door. A few visitors still collect in the waiting-rooms of the palace to see him go by, staring through the windows at the short line of cavalry, the straggling band, and the few foot soldiers, in uniforms of Teutonic cut, who assemble to salute their ruler with methodical cheers.

Perhaps nothing is so typical of the change that has come to Turkey as the contrast between the ceremony of old and the present sad function. The furnishings of the room facing the terrace, where princes and potentates have waited in the past, breathless at the luxury surrounding them, are now worn and shabby. French furniture sags on legs from which the gilt has been rubbed. A black stovepipe attached to a tile stove mars a corner. A Turkish admiral in white linen and a young officer, the only governmental representatives present, were the only visitors to be served coffee. When the Sultan drove by at last, saluting from his victoria, he saw only a handful of troops where his predecessors had proudly ignored men who packed the roadway with their pennant lances.

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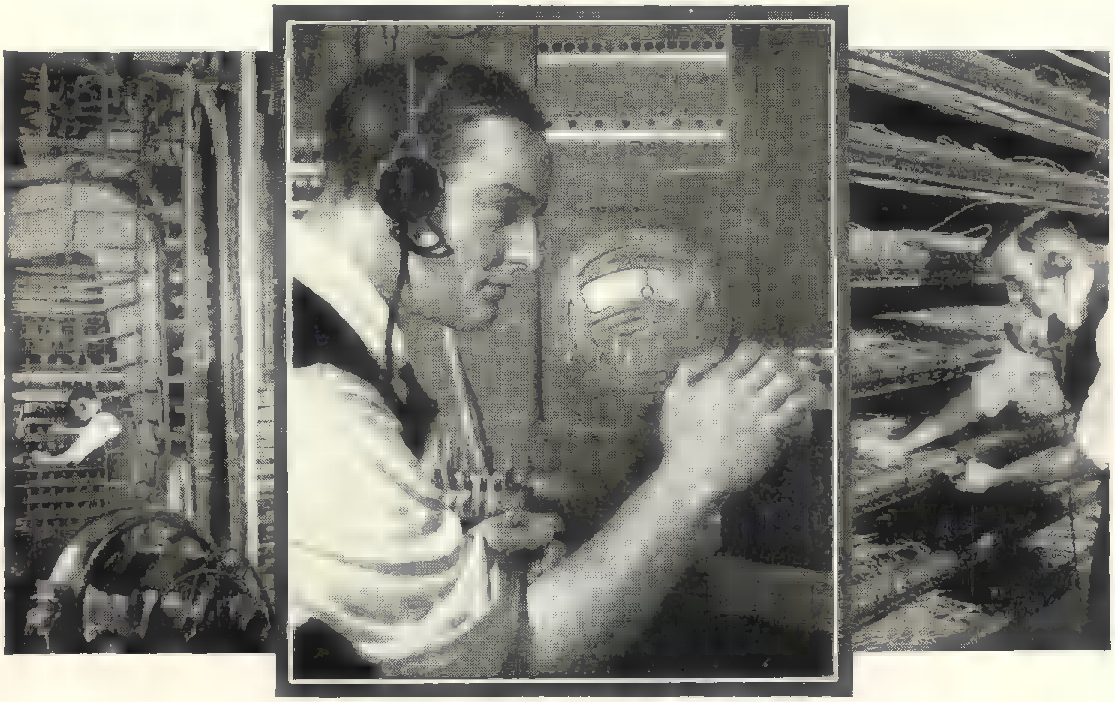

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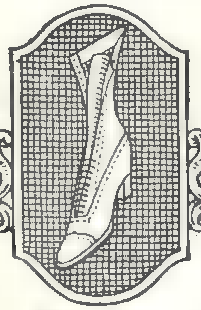

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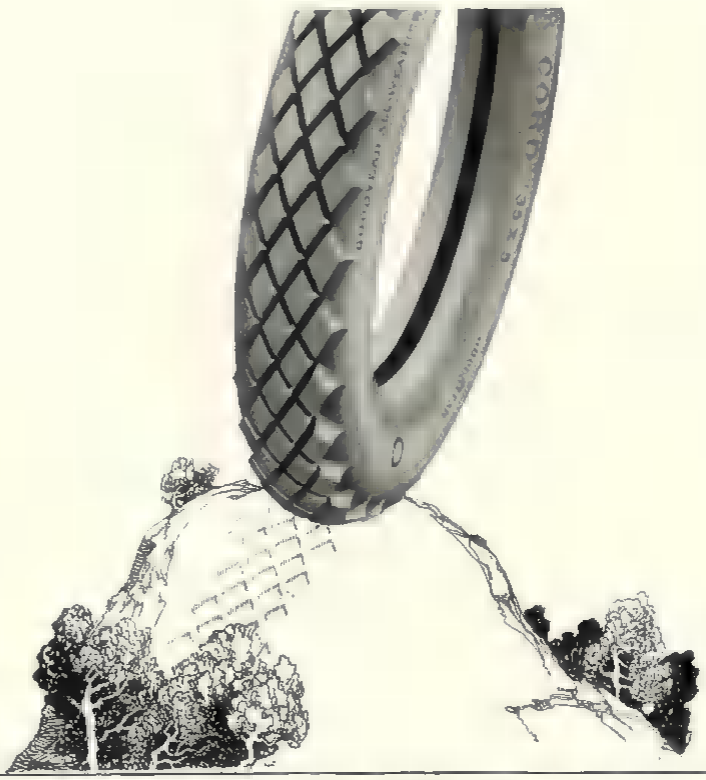

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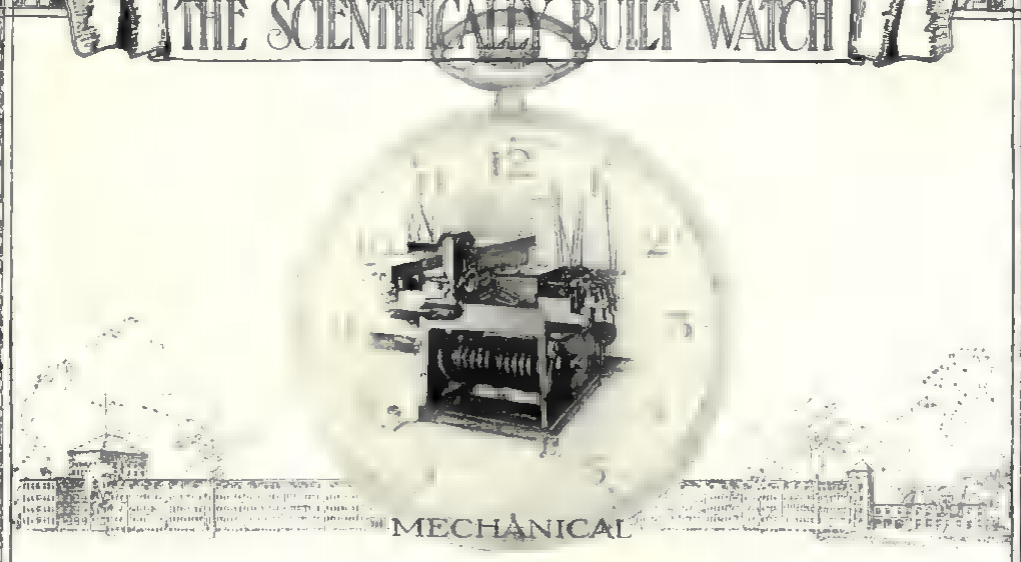

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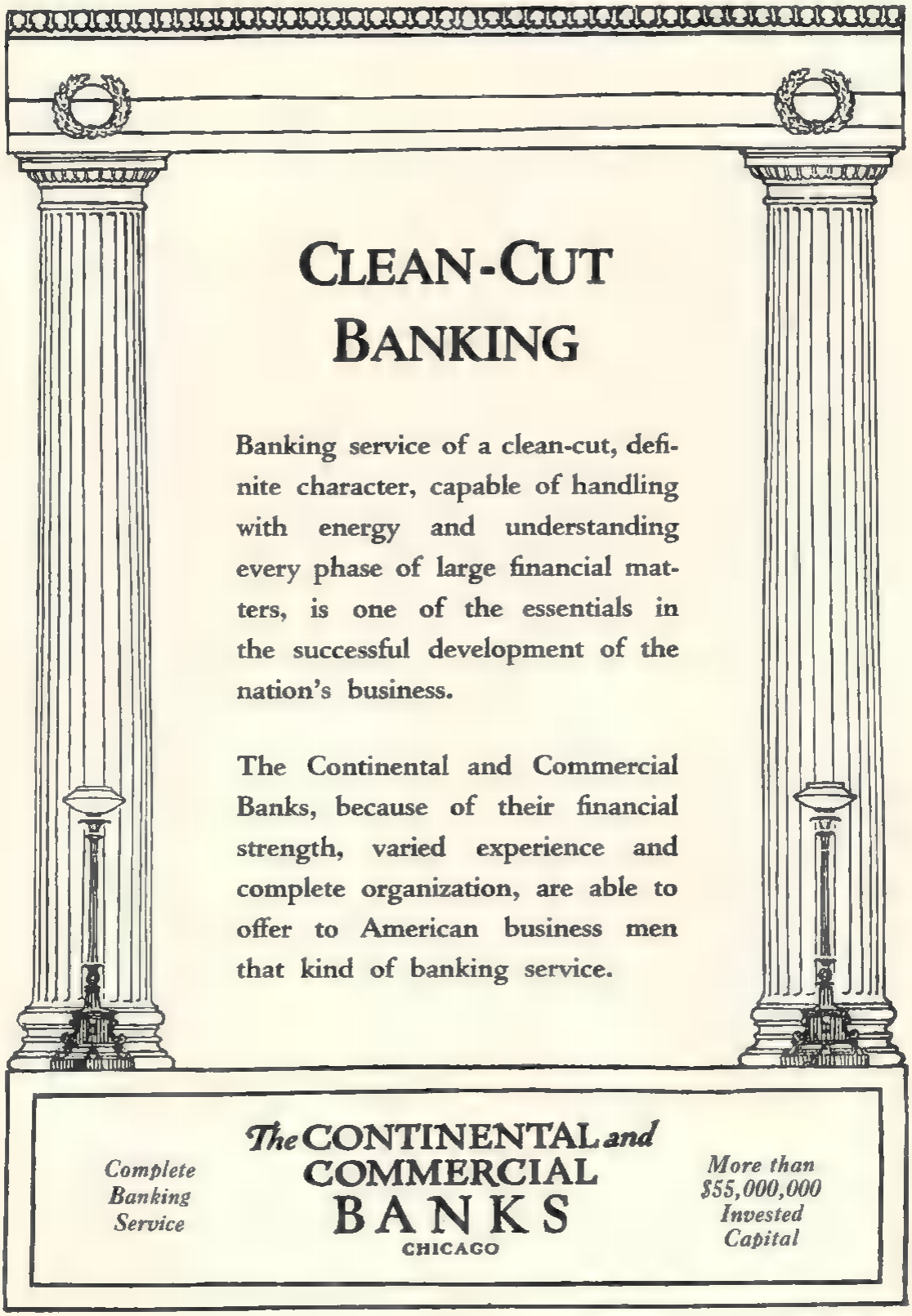

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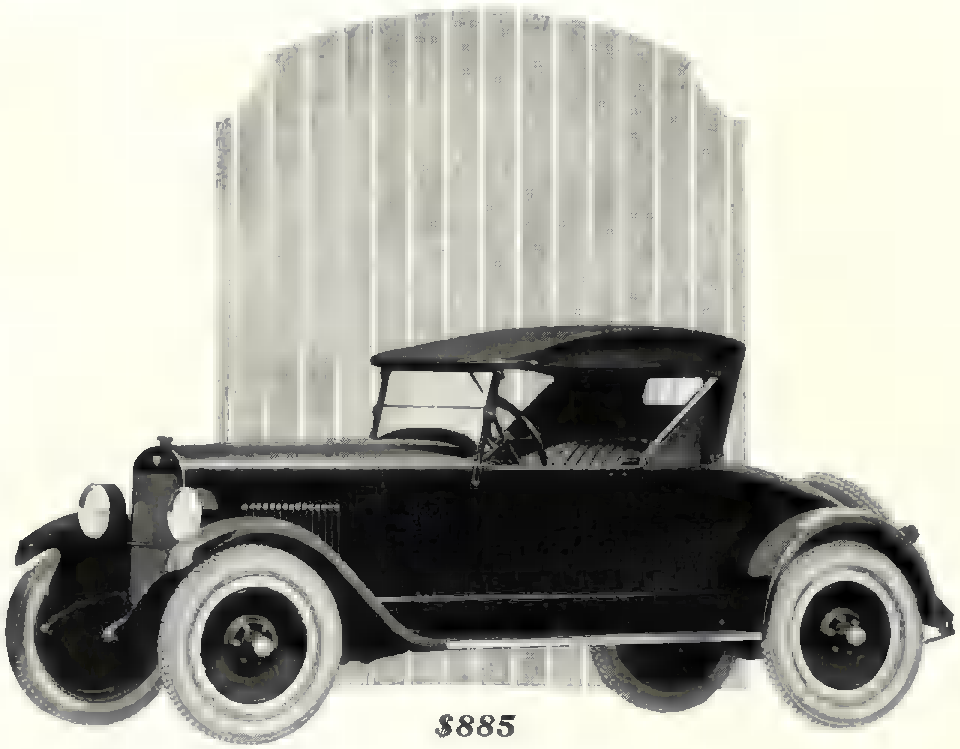

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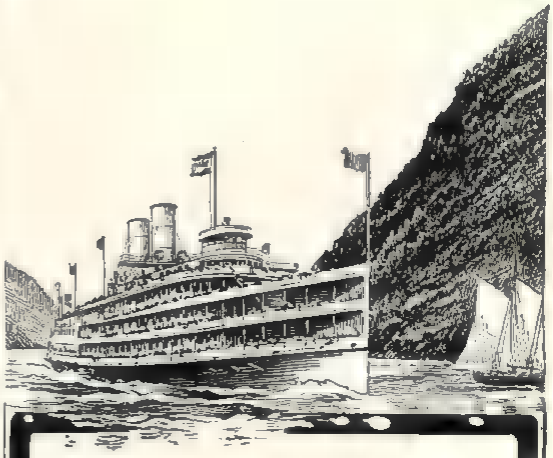

Hudson River by Daylight

DON'T miss it this year!—the most delightful inland water trip on the American continent. Inspiring views of lofty headlands; beautiful shore vistas; points of historic interest. A new thrill at every turn. And the chance to speed over cool sparkling waters on one of the famous fleet of five

PALATIAL DAY LINE STEAMERS
"Washington Irving" "Hendrick Hudson"
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Daily and Sunday service between New York and Albany; also One-Day Outings. Ideal route to vacation points North and West. Rail tickets accepted, New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Season to October 22.

Write for Illustrated Literature

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier New York

If the Pilgrim Fathers Could Have Found Post Toasties!

The value of parched corn as a food was learned 300 years ago, and this knowledge helped to sustain a settlement on "the stern and rock bound coast."

Today, any grocery store sells, and any table, however humble, may have, a food produced from corn, which the Pilgrim Fathers would have prized as delicious beyond all description—

Post Toasties, crisp and savory flakes of toasted corn—famed around the world as a food delicacy.

Post Toasties represent the perfection of corn-flakes processing. Their flavor, crispness and texture are universally recognized as superior.

A bowl of Post Toasties, with cream or milk, at breakfast or lunch, is a feast of real American privilege.

> The Pilgrim Father was three hundred years away from Post Toasties—you are as near as your nearest grocer.

And if you specify Post Toasties by name in ordering, you are sure of the superior corn flakes.

POST TOASTIES

—always in good taste

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Magnificent Trio

JUST as the mighty *Olympic* provides a standard of luxury known throughout the world as utmost in ocean comfort, so now a *trio* of White Star ships in our Cherbourg-Southampton service advance trans-Atlantic passenger travel to an even higher plane. This service includes:

Majestic (56,000 tons)

The new *Majestic* (56,000 tons)—World's Newest and Largest Liner;

The new *Homeric* (34,000 tons)—The Ship of Splendor;

The *Olympic* (46,500 tons)—The Ship Magnificent.

This service is no less remarkable for its regularity than for the individual size and splendor of its ships. Travelers who formerly waited an *Olympic* sailing date to channel ports may now sail any week on one of these great ships.

Homeric (34,000 tons)

Olympic (46,500 tons)

Regular weekly sailings to Liverpool via Queenstown with the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, *Celtic* and *Cedric*, each over 20,000 tons.

Early bookings are suggested to secure most desirable accommodations.

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For Any Car Any Size—Old or New

THE foremost item to consider in the upkeep of your car, is fuel consumption. Are you getting every ounce of energy from the gas you buy? There is a way—the New Stromberg Carburetor makes a slave of the gas—gets a "full day's work" from every drop—makes a gallon go farther. It means actual economy through the saving of fuel.

THE make of your car—its age or condition cannot alter the fact that a substantial saving, a noticeable increase in efficiency of operation and additional power is evident where the Stromberg is installed.

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With the gathering of society at the famous resorts, merchants immediately have a demand for Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry.

Identified by the name "Krementz" on the back of each piece.

Collar Buttons 25c—$1.50; links $2.00—$7.00
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Literature upon request.

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A *New Model* Kodak

Equipment:
Kodak Anastigmat Lens *f*.6.3
and Kodamatic Shutter

Price $50.00

THE No. 1 *Special* won't fit the vest pocket—it will fit any other. And yet its complete appointments and high-grade lens and shutter give it a practical photographic scope hitherto associated with larger cameras, only.

The lens is the famous Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3—Eastman-made to make good pictures. The resulting 2¼x3¼ negatives are clean-cut, brilliant.

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Its convenient size and smart appearance make the No. 1 *Special* an ideal Kodak to take with you; its equipment gives you pictures you will be proud to bring back.

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The KODAK ANASTIGMATS
f.7.7 *f*.6.3 and *f*.4.5

Wash and Bathe in Running Water

A Shower When Fatigued

—proves the value of the shower when you're not

There's no better test of the shower —that it really does relieve fatigue and soothe frayed nerves—than to stand under those rushing, cleansing jets when you are really *fagged out.* Notice how the ache leaves the muscles, and how you are toned up. It takes only a couple of minutes. And then again, you are *clean,* for you used the water only once —and it ran off.

Now, doesn't this instant relief of fatigue prove that the daily shower will build up a resistance *against* fatigue?

There are Speakman Showers for all bathrooms. The one shown, H-965, is a stall type. The Mixometer controls the temperature of both the overhead shower and needle bath. Either of these can be used independent of the other.

Your plumber knows Speakman Showers. Ask him for a Speakman Shower booklet—or write us.

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Announces:

The special charter of the Great Cunarder—R.M.S.

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the fastest and most luxurious of ocean steamers for

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Shooting the Rapids

THE most satisfying trip in America for health and recreation. Almost 1,000 miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, including the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the marvelous rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, Quaint old Quebec, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and the renowned Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity," higher than Gibraltar.

Send 2c postage for illustrated booklet, "Niagara to the Sea," including map and guide, to John F. Pierce, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., 107, C. S. L. Building, Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

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"HANDY GRIP"

The Refill Shaving Stick

Like Renewing a Battery in a Flashlight

PUTTING a "Refill" into Colgate's "Handy Grip" is easy and simple. The soap itself is threaded to screw into the socket. It's done in a moment.

"Refills" cost you the price of the soap alone. Moisten the bit removed from the "Handy Grip" and stick it upon the end of the "Refill." There is no waste.

Colgate's lathers freely; softens the most difficult beard; needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers, and leaves the face cool and refreshed.

The stick is the most economical form of shaving soap. We can give you this assurance impartially, since we make shaving powder and cream, as well as shaving sticks. But if you *prefer* cream, you will acknowledge when you have shaved with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream that you never knew before how good a shaving cream could be. It is one of our latest products, made on a new principle, and brought to perfection after years of scientific effort.

COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 66* 199 Fulton St., New York

The metal "Handy Grip" containing a trial size stick of Colgate's Shaving Soap, sent for 10c. When the trial stick is used up you can buy the Colgate "Refills," threaded to fit this Grip. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy. There are 350 shaves in a Colgate Shaving Stick—double the number you can get from a tube of cream at the same price.

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From the moment it leaves your home, your baggage is subject to a host of hazards and perils unavoidable in transportation.

A North America Tourist Baggage Policy will protect your baggage against practically every peril of transportation. Such protection costs but little and payments of claims are prompt and sure. Insure by the year.

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Mention also any other form of insurance (except life) in which you are interested

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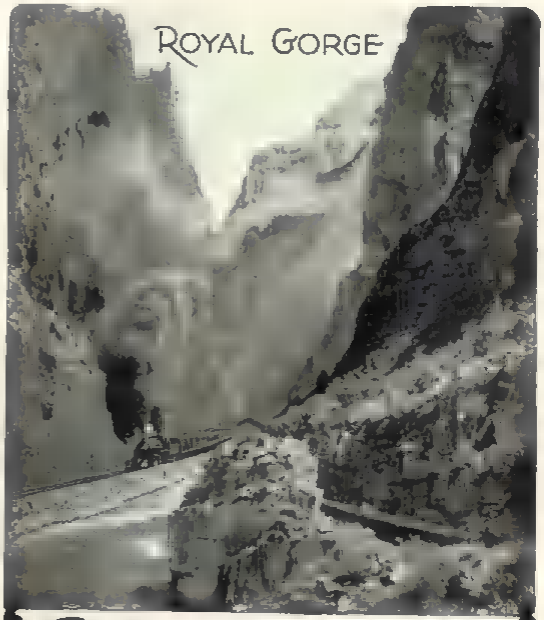

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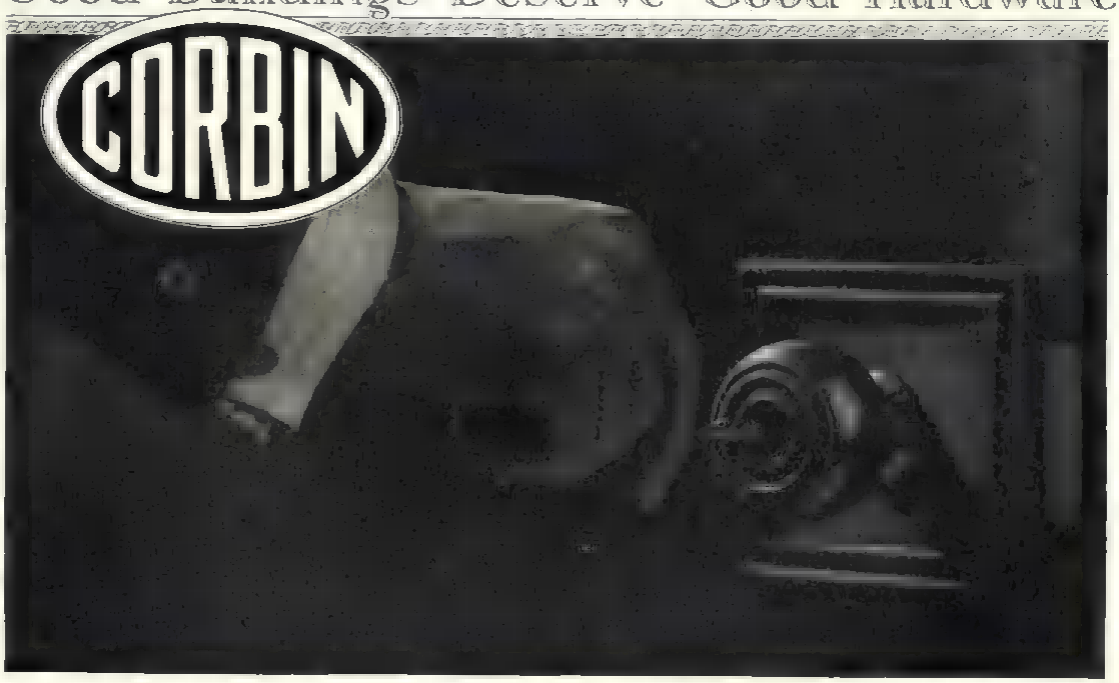
Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



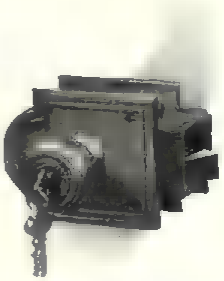
The Corbin Unit Lock with the keyhole in the Knob is Good Hardware

WITH the Corbin Unit Lock, there is no groping in the dark—no guessing at the probable distance of the keyhole from the knob. As you grasp the knob, the keyhole comes to meet you.

There is no better lock for a door than the Corbin Unit Lock. It is Good Hardware. The first ones made have been in service for more than twenty years and show no signs of wearing out.

The Corbin Unit Lock is, as the name implies, a complete unit. Lock, screwless knobs and escutcheons leave the factory in one assembly, a single unit ready to be applied to the door. In the opinion of architects and building contractors, it is *the lock* for hollow metal doors. In a fine range of designs, it is finding its way onto front and other outside doors of residences.

When *you* build, don't overlook the security, the simplicity, the strength, the smooth dependable action and unequaled convenience of the Corbin Unit Lock. The host of friends this lock has won is evidence of a growing appreciation of the idea that *good buildings deserve good hardware.*



Corbin Unit Locks are made in a wide range of designs and finishes architecturally appropriate for office buildings, hotels, public buildings and residences.

A carpenter can install five to eight Corbin Unit Locks in the time it takes to install one of any other kind of lock

Write for literature about the Corbin Unit Lock "with the keyhole in the knob" and for local Corbin dealer's name.

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Crossing *the* Atlantic *in* 4½ Days

The World's Record Passage between Europe and this country was made by the MAURETANIA—*the holder of the Blue Ribbon* of the Atlantic—in 4 days, 10 hours and 41 minutes.

This truly grand ship is back in service, thoroughly overhauled and converted into an oil-burner. She and her gigantic sisters, the wonderful AQUITANIA and luxurious BERENGARIA are making history in carrying on the fastest weekly Passenger Service—De-Luxe, the world has ever known.

From NEW YORK every Tuesday to CHERBOURG and SOUTHAMPTON

Other services to Queenstown and LIVERPOOL, to Londonderry and GLASGOW, to Plymouth, Cherbourg and HAMBURG—*a little less speedy but no less comfortable*—by the beautiful, roomy, homey, oil-burning new ships such as the SCYTHIA, LACONIA, SAMARIA, CAMERONIA, in cooperation with the famed and popular CARONIA and her twin-sister the CARMANIA.

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AND **ANCHOR** LINES

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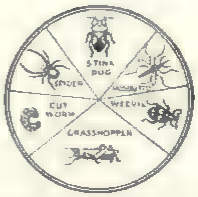
—there is no better way—

Dodson Bird Houses



See what the wren eats

Joseph H. Dodson

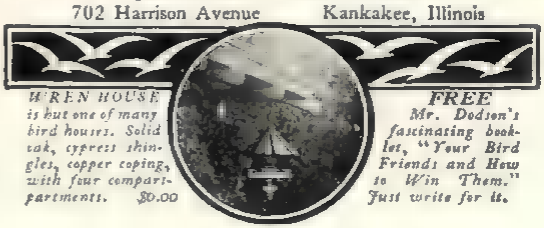
President, American Audubon Association

Do away with costly insect pests—

Why not write to Mr. Dodson? He will gladly tell you how to rid your grounds of costly insect pests by attracting the birds. Years of loving study have perfected Dodson Bird Houses. A regard for little details, even ventilation, determines whether birds will occupy a house. And amid the modern devastation of nature, the little birds need homes made for them. Hang one of these quaint houses from a limb, tack one to a tree, put one up on a post! They will attract the birds.

JOSEPH H. DODSON

702 Harrison Avenue Kankakee, Illinois



WREN HOUSE is but one of many bird houses. Solid oak, cypress shingles, copper coping, with four compartments. $6.00

FREE *Mr. Dodson's fascinating booklet, "Your Bird Friends and How to Win Them." Just write for it.*

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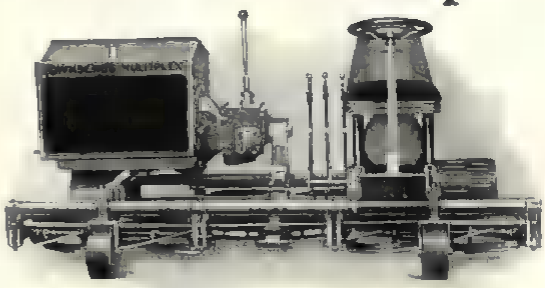

The Greatest Grass-Cutter on Earth. Cuts 100 Acres a Day. Cuts a Swath 12 Feet, 114 Inches or 86 Inches Wide

Floats over the uneven ground as a ship rides the waves. One unit may be climbing a knoll, another skimming the level and another paring a hollow.

Not an assembly of tractor and mowers, but a single, compact machine, like an automobile, with 3, 4, or 5 cutting units. Driven by a 17 H. P. four-cylinder, water-cooled gasoline motor with Splitdorf Dixie Aero Magneto, a wonderful radiator, sliding gear transmission, two speeds forward and reverse, etc.

Can also be drawn by horse, the motor being removed, or converted into a powerful tractor by detaching the cutting units. Can back up or turn a complete circle in double its width. Can stop in six inches: it has a powerful brake. The cutting units are controlled from the driver's seat.

Do we *guarantee* it? Write your own.

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Give in convenient pocket folder form the information which is most essential to the traveler.

The maps show in plain black and white the cities, the railroads, the counties, and the railroad mileage. The booklet which accompanies each map, gives the locations, the populations, the hotels and hotel rates, the industrial classification and leading products of each city. This information is not readily obtained from any other source.

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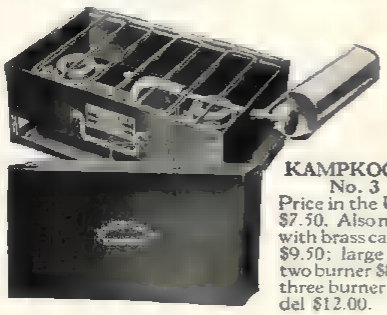
GET out your Kampkook, remove the cover and light up. In two minutes you have a hot, blue gas flame; coffee steaming and bacon sizzling in less time than it takes to gather fuel for a wood camp fire. Kampkook makes its own gas from the same grade of gasoline you use in your car. Easy to light, windproof, safe anywhere. Most experienced tourists and campers cook the Kampkook way because it enables them to prepare a hurry-up lunch or a big meal anywhere, as quickly as in the home kitchen. Kampkooks are sold by dealers in sporting goods everywhere.



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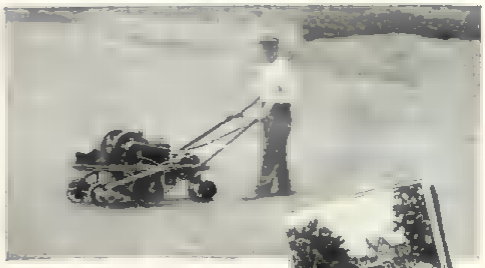
No. 3
Price in the U. S. $7.50. Also made with brass case at $9.50; large size two burner $8.50; three burner model $12.00.

IT'S ALL INSIDE. All Kampkooks fold up like a miniature suit case when not in use with all parts packed inside case, protected against loss or breakage.

American Gas Machine Co.
834 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Write for folder on our complete line of Kampkooking Appliances.



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Every one interested in the care of large, beautiful lawns should have a copy of this book which tells all about Ideal Power Lawn Mowers. It shows many photos of well-known homes, parks, golf clubs, cemeteries, colleges, etc., where the lawns are cared for the "Ideal Way." It tells about the Ideal Junior, a moderate-priced power mower for medium-sized lawns, the 30-inch Ideal Power Lawn Mower for large lawns, and the Ideal Triplex Power Mower for large parks, golf clubs, etc. Write for this book today—learn how to keep your lawn in better condition at less cost.

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World's Largest Builders of Power Lawn Mowers.
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The Ideal Junior

IDEAL Power Lawn Mowers

Order before July 1st and obtain special prices on

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Write today for our beautifully illustrated catalog (many pages in color), describing thousands of varieties of these wonderful Dutch Bulbs. Then make your selections so we can include them as part of the large order which we will place when our experienced buyers visit the leading Holland growers. In this way you will get the best Dutch bulbs at a *special quantity import price*—provided *you give us your order before July 1.* Our free catalog contains complete directions for growing the most beautiful flowers simply and inexpensively from these bulbs. Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissi, etc., are sure to bring color and fragrance to your house and garden.

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Order before July 1st to obtain special prices. You can pay for bulbs when delivered in September or October. All bulbs are selected and packed in Holland and reach our customers in perfect condition soon after we receive the shipment.

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for a summer trip

By An Easterner

"See a new country, a wonderland of summer. Get a complete change of scene (often the most valuable part of a vacation).

"Be entirely absorbed and self-forgetful. Come back a new man."

That was the advice of my physician seven years ago when I felt in need of real rest and recreation. And then he said what I thought a *strange thing* at the time—"*Go to Southern California this summer.*"

"What!—from one warm place to a warmer?"

"You don't know California in the summer," he replied. "It's cool there."

And then he showed me these U. S. Weather Bureau figures:

Average mean temperature for Southern California: June, 66 degrees; July, 70 degrees; August, 71 degrees; September, 69 degrees.—The 11-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Well, I went—somewhat doubtful—and this is what I found:

That he and the U. S. Weather Bureau were right about the summer weather. I stayed three months—June, July, and August—and slept under blankets ninety nights.

I found a land that offered an amazing variety and quality of summer sports.

4,000 miles of motor roads through some of the roughest kind of country in some places, that I have ever seen, yet paved like city streets.

Great seashore resorts, mountain lakes and fishing streams, deserts, and the most intensively developed farm and fruit lands bordering on one another.

Stupendous views from mountain tops, great rides along fine oceanside highways, almost impenetrable wildernesses within a few hours of a great city, tenth in size in the United States.

Golf and tennis everywhere. A myriad things to do. The result is I have missed only one summer in the seven since I first learned of this great playground.

GO NOW

Don't put off a trip like this, don't hesitate. Go while you can. *The complete change* alone is worth the comparatively small investment. This trip is an investment that yields incomparable returns.

If you wish to take "a trip abroad," here's one in your own United States.

Stay at fashionable hotels or modest boarding places, as you wish.

Your railroad ticket agent will give you complete information. Or send coupon to us for a free book that tells more than we have space here to relate.

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Please send me full information about the summer vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address.....

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Ask for them at your bank or write for particulars to

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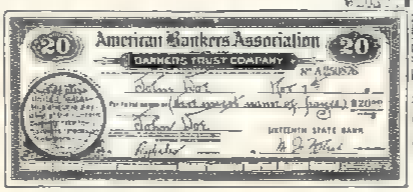

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U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

Information Desk A155 **Washington, D. C.**

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Photograph from Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester

A JEWEL-CASE PALACE NEAR THE BANKS OF THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA

Between the blue of the Bosporus and the green of the wooded hills there are many kiosks so delicate that from a distant vantage-point they resemble boxes of carved ivory. Near this kiosk on the banks of the Sweet Waters of Asia are the picnic grounds which Loti and other writers have made famous.

pointment, for one finds little in these abandoned buildings to satisfy an imagination fed with tales of the hundreds of years when this loveliest of spots was the stronghold and home of Byzantine emperors and Turkish sultans. Here twenty-five sultans were born, ascended the throne, were overthrown or strangled. Here, for three hundred years, were hatched the plans that kept Europe, Asia, and Africa trembling with forebodings.

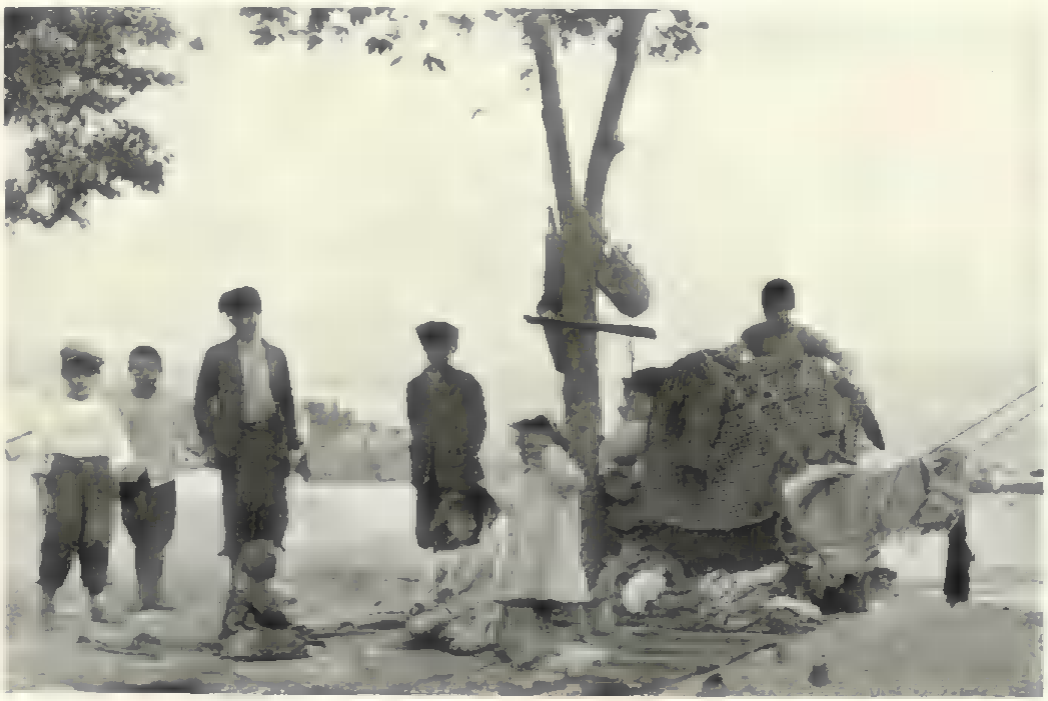
The Seraglio is situated on that famous point of land that extends into the Sea of Marmora at the junction of this body of water with the Bosporus and the Golden Horn. On this spot stood the Acropolis of Byzantium. Now Seraglio Point is divided into two parts, the outer grounds and the Treasury. The Treasury has been closed for many months, and it is whispered that some of the celebrated jewels it contained have been converted into Turkish pounds, to aid the ruined government.

A few worn and dusty rooms in the old palace are shown to visitors by a modern young poet with a passion for translating Omar's quatrains into Turkish. He is the public host to such visitors as have permission to enter the grounds. The permits have been required since a souvenir-hunter walked off with a gold cup.

AN ENCHANTING PANORAMA ALONE IS LEFT

While two servants brought us coffee cups on a tray set on a frayed red pillow, the host quoted verses.

After coffee, the poet led us out to see the view which is all that is left of the former splendor. Spread before us was an enchanting panorama of the Sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn, and the Bosporus, with three cities of Constantinople clustered around them, resting between a sapphire sky and even bluer waters. At this distance we looked through a soft gray veil at the rose-colored roofs, the delicately pinnacled mosques that gleamed whitely in the sun, and the Allied fleet



Photograph by Solita Solano

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Photograph by Frederick Moore

A FEW OF STAMBOUL'S CANINE WARDS

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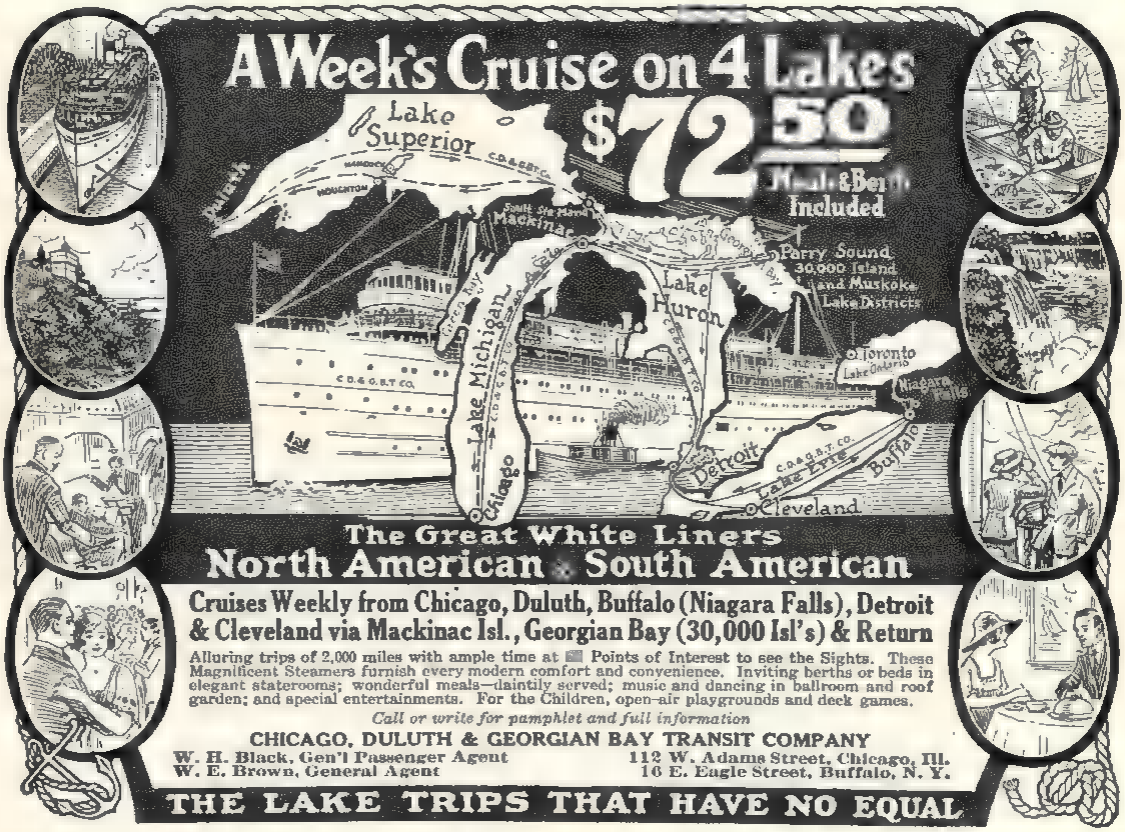

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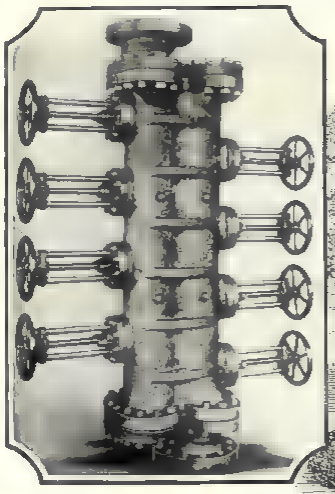

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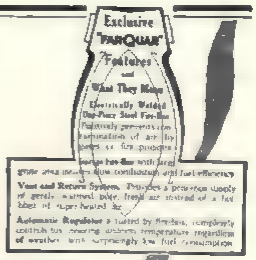

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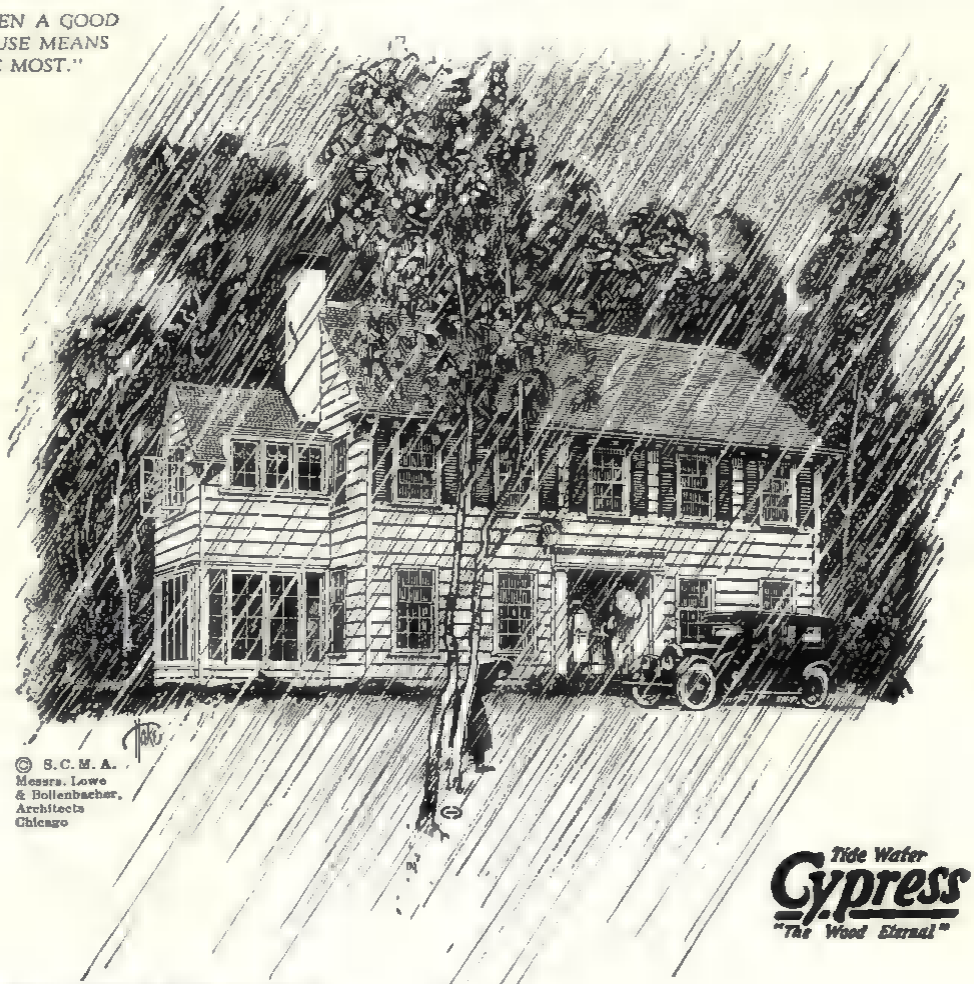

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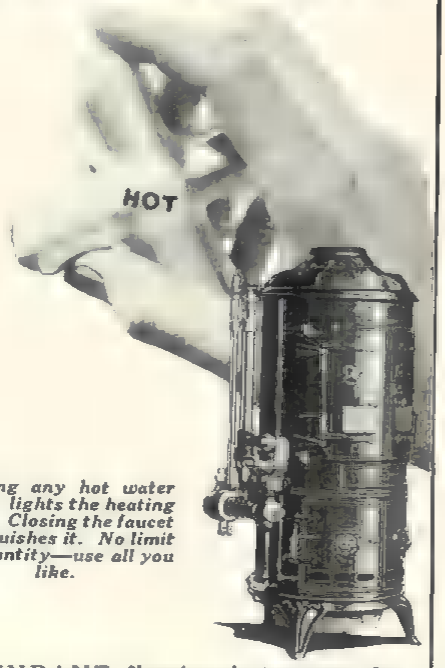

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Off beaten path

in New Mexico and Arizona Rockies by saddle and pack, team or auto
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Explore unbeaten trails across snowy mountains and along rushing trout streams. Traverse virgin forests and colorful canyons. Unusual Southwest outings. See the Indians of the Painted Desert and their weird ceremonies, including the Snake Dance. Will gladly help plan your trip. Ask for

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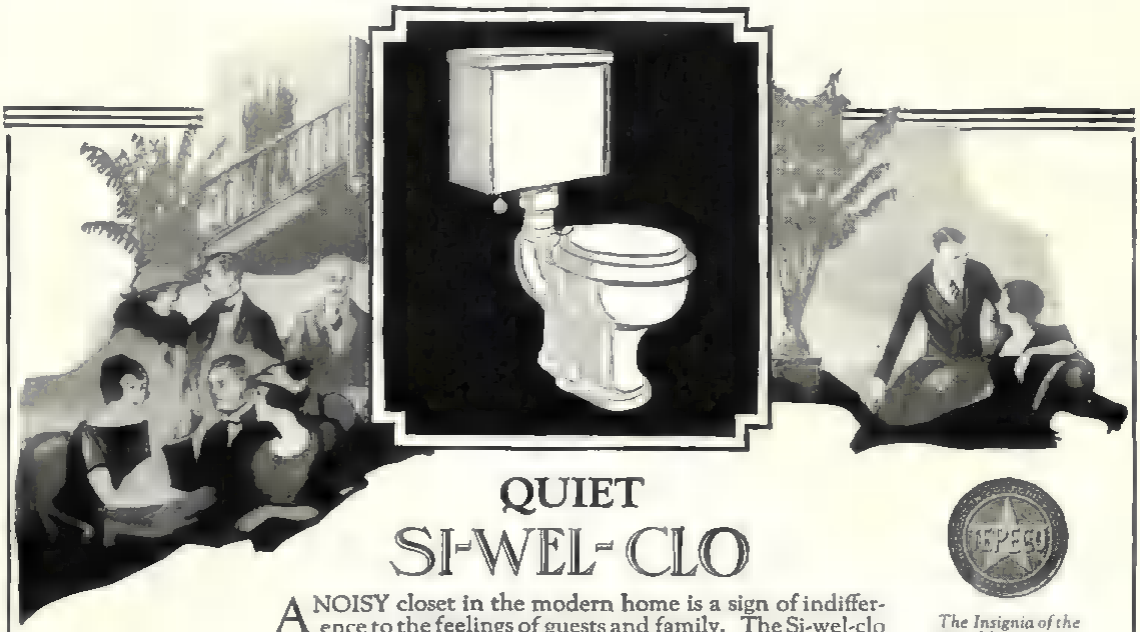

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SI-WEL-CLO

A NOISY closet in the modern home is a sign of indifference to the feelings of guests and family. The Si-wel-clo reduces the noise of flushing to the minimum. It suppresses ■ noise you do not want heard and do not want to hear.

In addition to the Si-wel-clo, The Trenton Potteries Company has developed ■ group of water closets to meet all types of building construction, from the big hotel to the modest bungalow. Into our "Welling," "Merit" and "Saxon" water closets, we have merged as many of the excellencies of our Quiet Si-wel-clo as possible. Each in its class and at its price assures you the utmost in value and service.

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Write for our Bathroom Plan Book, Edition N.

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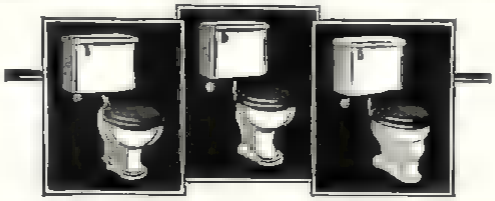

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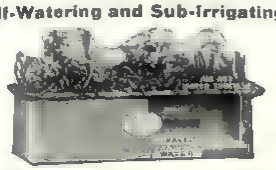

You can move Savo Steel Boxes indoors or out and have beautiful Flowers and Plants the year round. Leak-proof and rust-proof. Six sizes. Write for Free Catalog.

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SAVO BIRD CAGE STAND

Artistic in Design—Portable—Gilt Finish Solid Brass Tube Construction

No bird cage stand is so popular for use in home, studio, conservatory, and club. Its attractiveness instantly appeals. Height, 74 inches; spread, 22 inches; will take any standard-size bird cage. Shipped anywhere. Write for descriptive matter and price.

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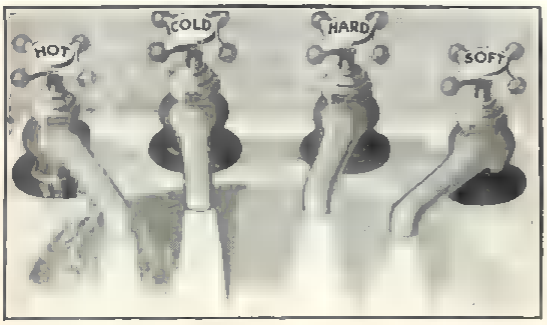
The Prophy-lac-tic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere



Use any kind of water with Williams' Shaving Stick

SOME men have to use cold water for shaving, especially in Summer. Others prefer it. In some sections the water is hard. These conditions and many others were allowed for in determining the Williams' formula.

Use any kind of water with Williams' Stick. Use it your own way. Rub it in or not—just as you like. You are rule-free if the stick is Williams'.

See how quickly the Williams' lather begins the work of softening the beard and preparing the skin for the razor. See how supple, smooth and refreshed the skin feels afterward.

Williams' Holder Top is the holder that *holds*—metal to metal. It cannot wobble loose. When you're ready for a new stick, Williams' Re-Loads are instantly inserted and always cost you less than the complete package.

Send 10 Cents

for a trial length stick in a large, re-loadable box. For convenience use coupon below.

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PATENTED **Holder Top Shaving Stick**

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Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.

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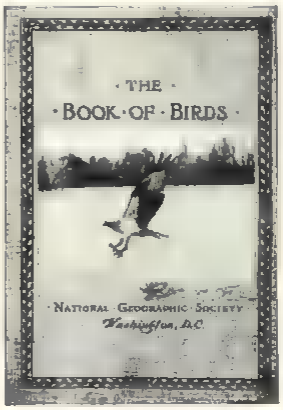
Enrich Your Summer Trips



The Book of Birds

Contains accurate, full-color plates of 96 varieties of American Game Birds from paintings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and most interesting descriptions of the habits of this feathered wild life by Henry W. Henshaw, formerly Chief of the United States Biological Survey.

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Mount Hood, Oregon

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Summer Amid the Ice Peaks

Portland is one of the most beautiful of the mountain-cities of the Coast. Approach ice-covered Mt. Hood by way of a perfect automobile road through the orchard valley of Hood River. Enjoy the bracing cool air off the snow fields. Visit Elliot Glacier. From the summit of Mt. Hood behold a score of mammoth peaks, and the Cascade range stretching in many undulations to the clouds. It's a view you will remember the rest of your life! Visit Portland and Mt. Hood on the—

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"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

From Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis to Butte, Helena, Spokane, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver.

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Write for free books, describing the wonders of the Great Pacific Northwest—as fascinating as fiction.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC
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WHAT MR. BISHOP WROTE TO MR. CREAGER

Before purchasing his LaFayette, *Mr. A. Y. Creager of Sherman, Texas, wrote to Mr. C. W. Bishop, a* LaFayette *owner of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who has previously owned cars of ten different makes, asking for his opinion of the* LaFayette. *Mr. Bishop's reply is reproduced below.*

Tulsa, Oklahoma
January 10, 1922

Mr. A. Y. Creager
Sherman, Texas

Dear Sir:

I have owned ten various makes of automobiles, four-cylinder, six-cylinder and eight-cylinder cars. And I can say in all truthfulness, the LaFayette is superior in every respect to any car I have ever owned or driven or ridden in.

I purchased my LaFayette touring car last April and left immediately for a trip to the Minnesota Lakes, where I spent a month and a half fishing. I covered over 2,400 miles on this trip. Not for a single minute did I have anything but pleasure and satisfaction from the car.

Upon my return to Tulsa, my wife took the car and set out for a trip to St. Louis and up into Illinois, where she spent two months and put more than 2,500 miles on the car. She did not have the slightest trouble during that time.

Upon her return I started at once for a hunt in northern Nebraska. I was gone over two months and 2,800 miles more were registered on the speedometer. On this trip the car was put to a real test, as many hundreds of miles lay through the trackless sand hills where the sand was a foot deep. We pulled the bottoms of the North Platte through mud up to the running boards and never did that engine pause.

I returned here the middle of November and had the first work done on my car since it was purchased. I had covered 8,000 miles and they had been 8,000 miles of perfect ownership. I had the car in for two days, during which time they removed carbon, tightened her up all over and checked it up one side and down the other and handed it back to me. It ran as well as it did the day I purchased it.

I put in the month of December quail hunting all over eastern Oklahoma, encountering all kinds of roads and all kinds of weather. The car has stood out at nights during the various hunting and fishing trips in all kinds of places and weather and never has it refused to start when called upon the next morning.

The power of the car is wonderful. When you step on the gas it gets up and goes as could no other car I have ever driven or ridden in. It handles as easily as any person would ask of any car. It has easy and quick action on brakes and you feel safe when relying on your brakes. The way it stays on the ground when turning corners at thirty or forty miles an hour —makes you like it.

I now have over 10,000 miles on the car. It runs as noiselessly as it did when new and even seems to develop more power as the miles are added to it. I have had absolutely no trouble with the car and my expense of upkeep has been nothing.

The satisfaction and pleasure of ownership derived from this LaFayette touring car by me and my wife has made us decide to own another LaFayette and we are now placing an order for a roadster for early delivery.

I hope you may decide upon the LaFayette, for I am sure you will never regret your purchase.

Very truly,

Signed C. W. Bishop

LaFayette Motors Company at *Mars Hill* Indianapolis

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Painted by A. I. Keller for The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.

Will she be admired for her beautiful hair?

Special Sample Offer

Send 25 cents for these 3 samples or 10 cents for any One of them

THESE Packer samples are put up in get-real-well-acquainted size—enough for a number of generous, refreshing shampoos. 10 cents each, or 25 cents for these three samples:

Sample cake of Packer's Tar Soap—10c.
Liberal sample bottle of Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately, delightfully perfumed—10c.
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All three for 25c.

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The new Packer Manual
FREE

Containing the facts that we have learned in fifty years about keeping the hair healthy and getting rid of troublesome conditions of the hair and scalp—sent free on request.

WHEN she is twenty, will people say, "Isn't she a *lucky* girl to have such beautiful hair?" This is the kind of remark people make about girls who *do* have beautiful hair.

But it isn't *all luck*. Beautiful hair is *healthy* hair. If your hair is stiff, dry, oily, lustreless, it isn't healthy and it isn't beautiful. Many girls owe much of their hair's beauty to the healthful shampoos their Mothers gave them from early childhood, with Packer's Tar Soap.

And many a girl whose hair is today envied never knew her hair's real beauty until she discovered this popular Packer Method of properly caring for the hair. By using Packer's according to the directions, health and such beauty as you have never thought possible should come to your hair.

Get Packer's Tar Soap, or Packer's Liquid Tar Soap (delicately perfumed) at your druggist's, or send for samples and the Packer Manual, *How to Care for the Hair and Scalp*.

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PURE AS THE PINES

PRESS OF JUDD & DETWEILER, INC.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Are Americans as well read as Europeans?

There have been many theories and much discussion about this matter; here are some striking facts.

ONE often hears travelers assert that the average European is more cultured and more widely read than the average American; that the American seems to prefer lurid fiction, sensational newspapers. Is this really true?

No doubt this impression has been created by the fact that in Europe all of the great classics of literature can be obtained in very low-priced editions, and have always been sold by the hundreds of thousands. This has never been true in this country—until within the last few years.

Yet, like magazines or newspapers, it has always been possible to produce well-bound and well-printed books for a small sum, if some one dared to risk printing in enormous editions. But no one has ever dared to risk this. A few years ago, however, a group of young men decided to rush in where more cautious publishers had always feared to tread.

How a Faith Was Justified

These young men elected to publish many of the greatest masterpieces of the world's literature. The editions of these books ran as high as 1,000,000 volumes at a time, and because of the resulting economies, were offered to the public at a price that even the poorest could afford. Was this faith in the literary taste of the American public justified? Would Americans really buy the best books in such unheard-of quantities?

The answer is "YES"—and we hope it rings loud enough to give an everlasting lie to the intellectual snobs who are always bewailing the fact that America is a land of "Main Street yokels," that we are essentially an illiterate people and that we have no taste for the best in literature.

The sale of Little Leather Library volumes—for that is the name of the series referred to—has been almost beyond belief. *In the last eighteen months alone over TEN MILLION of these books have been purchased.* And what were these "best sellers" that the American public craved so intensely? They were the best works of—Shakespeare, Browning, Burns, Coleridge, Macaulay, Tennyson, Longfellow, de Maupassant, Wilde, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Stevenson, and other similarly great masters!

Today you will see these books on the library tables of the wealthiest people in the land, and you will see them, too, in the homes of the humblest and poorest. And wherever you see them, you will know that in that home live people of unquestioned culture, whether they be rich or poor. For, clearly, they love good books, and what more can be said of a man?

What Some People Guessed

The publishers are still offering to sell thirty of these great works for the sum of $2.98. The illustration above shows the set in reduced size. They are books that no one cares to confess he has not read and re-read. They are complete as written, every one of them. This is not that abomination, a collection of "extracts." Their beauty and character you may judge from this fact: A large number of book-lovers were shown a sample, without being told what the price was, and *estimated that this set of thirty books was worth from $50 to $100.* These estimates are on file for the inspection of any one interested.

The paper used in these volumes is a high-grade white-wove antique—equal to that used in books usually selling at $1.50 to $2.00 apiece. The type is clear and easy to read. The binding is a beautiful limp material, tinted an antique copper and green, and so beautifully embossed as to give it the appearance of hand-tooled leather. The entire set contains almost 3,000 pages. And the books are so convenient in size that one or two can be carried conveniently in a pocket or purse. The whole set makes a wonderful traveling library, since it weighs but three pounds. At the same time, it is handsome enough to grace any library table.

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Will you not send for these books, if you do not already own them? No description, no illustration, can do them justice. The publishers would like to send a sample to every NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC reader, but frankly the profit is too small. But we offer instead *to send you the entire set on trial.*

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